

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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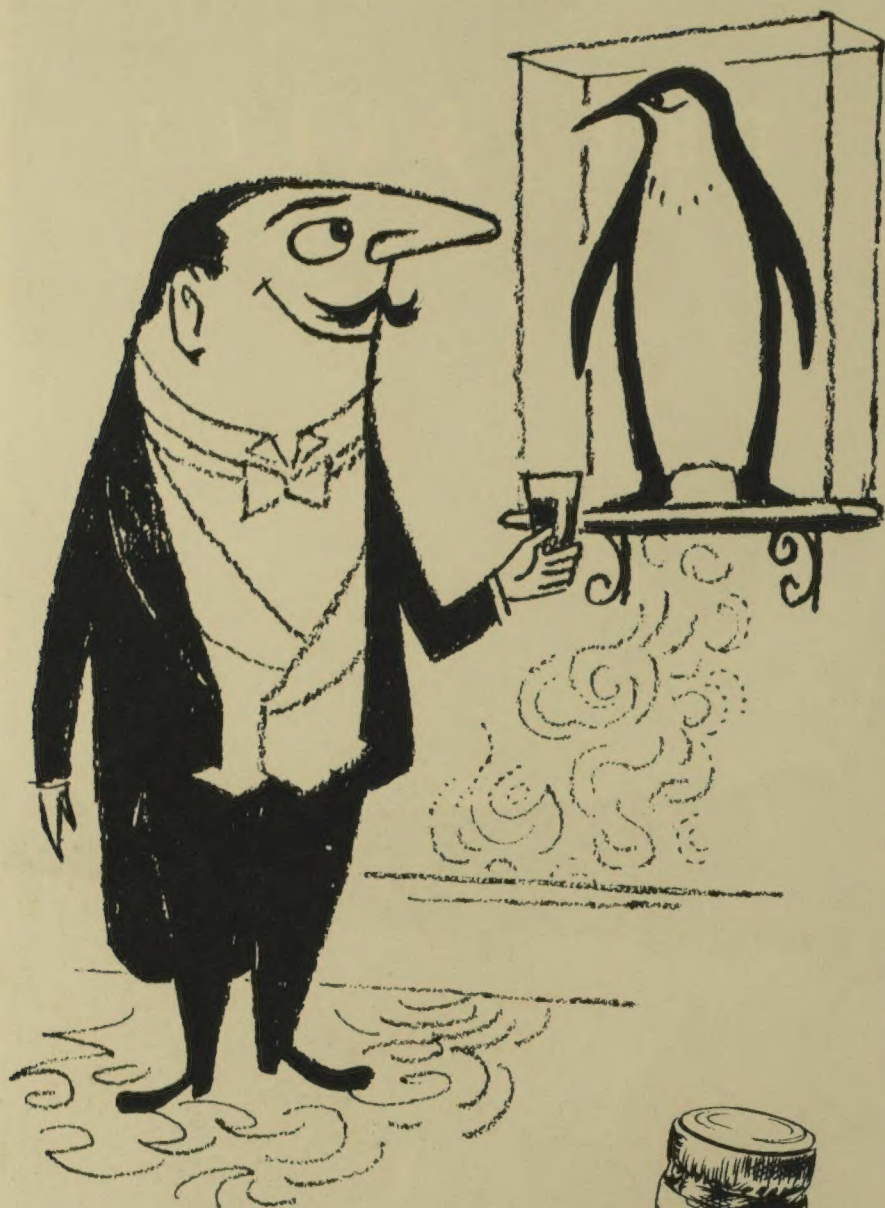
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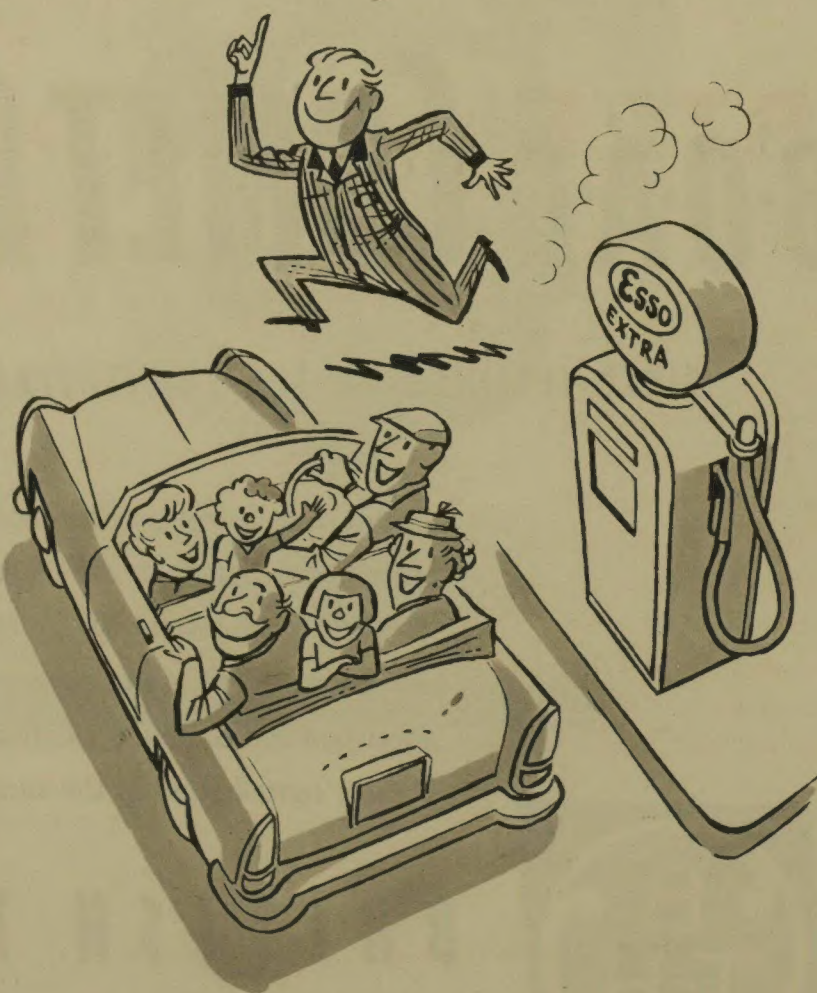
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Erectors at work on the conductor rail for a giant overhead crane at Port Talbot.

# STEEL...the big build-up goes on

For new works, new plant  
the Steel men are spending £100 million in 1958

**H**ow much steel do we need? Do we need more steelmaking plant? And if so, how much? And how quickly?

Make no mistake, Britain's prosperity depends on getting the answers right.

Plans for expanding steel production hinge not only on forecasting the growth of Britain's economy as a whole. They depend on forecasting what each steel using industry will need – the makers of cars, ships, refrigerators, tins, buildings, machinery.

A stiff problem. Whose job is it to find the answer?

## WHO DECIDES?

The Iron and Steel Board (an independent body appointed by the Government to supervise the Steel Industry) reviews the future demand

for steel, in consultation with Government Departments and the Steel Industry and with consumers.

According to the expected demand, plans for new plant are worked out within the industry. If any individual scheme calls for more than £100,000, it must be put before the Board for sanction. The companies are responsible for finding the money. But it is up to the Board, in consultation with the Government, to ensure that the industry's plans meet the nation's needs.

*So we get the best of both worlds – private enterprise and public supervision.*

## PRESSING ON

The system has worked well. Overall steel production is now ahead of demand. But even if

demand had not fallen we would still be able to balance our steel "account".

In this situation an industry might be expected to hold up investment. But the Steel Industry believes that the nation's economy will continue to expand. So, with the approval of the Board, the industry's great building programme is going ahead. In 1958 alone, it will cost over £100 million – the largest sum ever spent by the industry in one year. Steel-making capacity is to be increased to about 29 million tons by the early 1960's.

The Steel Industry believes in Britain's future. Under the Board's supervision it is planning and building for the years ahead.



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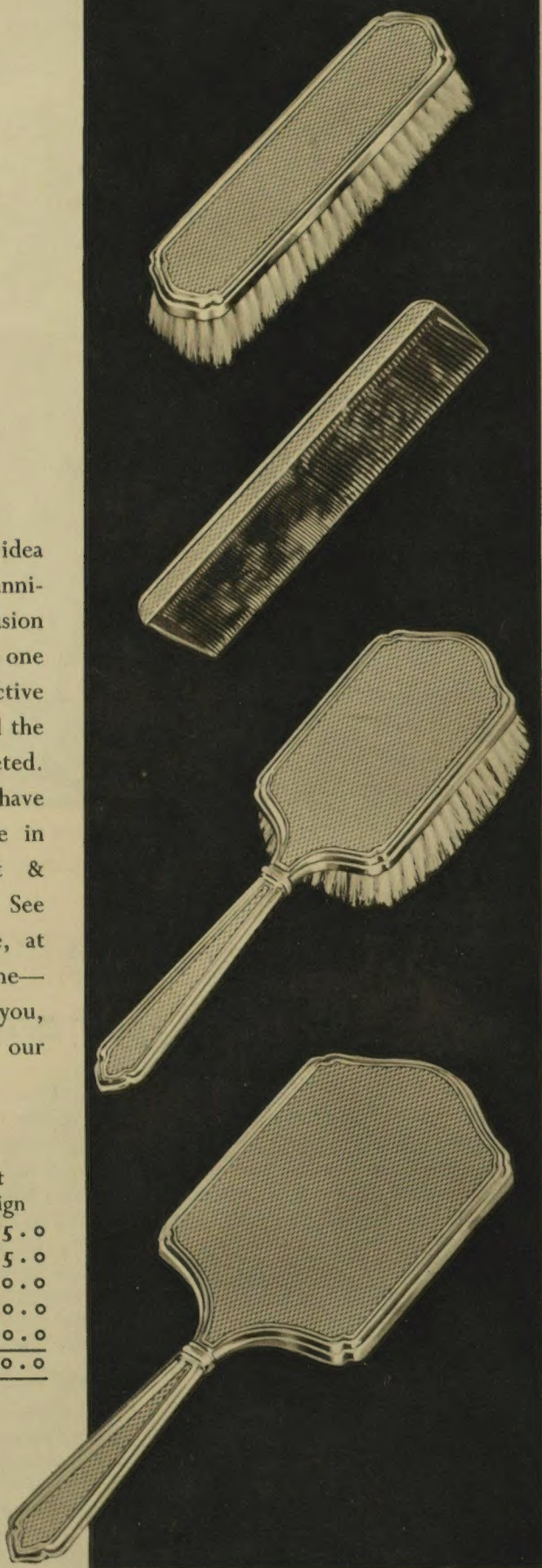
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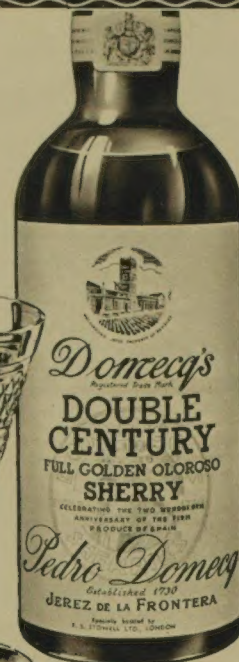


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“WITH A SHORT I”  
said Mrs. Ind to Mr. Coope in 1799



The Ind in Ind Coope has caused arguments in many a pub. Does it rhyme with pined or pinned? According to the archives, Mr. & Mrs. Edward Ind always pronounced it with a short 'I' as in *India*. And it was their fine brewing which started all the talk in 1799.

Their name, coupled with that of their partner, Mr. O. E. Coope, was to become known all over the country. Their brewing skill, combined more recently with that of Allsopp's (founded in 1708) was to be passed on to men who would create such beers as Double Diamond, Long Life, John Bull and Graham's Lager, as well as a range of great draught beers.

TODAY, their small enterprise has grown into a world-famous brewery organisation based on Burton-on-Trent, with five of Britain's most modern Breweries, over 4,000 Pubs throughout the length and breadth of the country and a group of 40 Hotels, including the Leofric in Coventry, acknowledged to be Britain's leading post-war Hotel. Added to this are important brewery associations overseas in Eire, Kenya, Uganda, Trinidad and now in Canada.

Today, Ind Coope, however you pronounce it, means Progressive Brewing for Britain.



Ind Coope BREWERS OF BRITAIN'S BEST



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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1958.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII, WHO DIED IN HIS SUMMER PALACE AT CASTEL GANDOLFO, NEAR ROME, ON OCTOBER 9.

This is a portrait, taken recently at Castel Gandolfo, of Pope Pius XII, who died at 2.52 a.m., Greenwich Mean Time, on October 9. On the night of October 1 the Pope granted his usual weekly audience to about 10,000 pilgrims but did not address them owing to what a Vatican Radio speaker called a "slight indisposition." After this, alarming reports on the state of the Pope's health were circulated, but these were denied on October 5 by his personal physician, who said that he was suffering mainly from

strain due to overwork. On the following morning, however, the Pope became desperately ill when he suffered a stroke and Extreme Unction was administered. The Pope rallied slightly on October 7, but grave concern was felt over his rapid pulse rate and rise in temperature. On October 8, at 7.30 a.m., he suffered a second stroke and Father Pellegrino announced on the Vatican Radio that "even the slight hope we had must now be abandoned." Early on the following morning he died.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"OH! It rains again!" wrote Jane Austen in what was to prove the last completed summer of her life. "It beats against the window; we were obliged to turn back before we got there, but not soon enough to avoid a pelt all the way home. We met Mr. Woolls . . . I talked of its being bad weather for the hay, and he returned me the comfort of its being much worse for the wheat." For, like the first summer of peace after the Second German War, the summer that succeeded the twenty-two years of the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars was so bad as to make men feel that nature had burst its bounds. All over Western Europe the rain descended in torrents, and storms of hail and even snow ruined the crops and the farmers' and peasants' hopes. Such stupid mists, fogs and perpetual density, Lord Byron wrote maliciously, proved that Castlereagh—the Mr. Dulles or Selwyn Lloyd of his day and the Aunt Sally of every Whig and Radical politician and writer—had "taken over the Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of Heaven." Nor, though week after week passed with men every day expecting a break, did the weather change in the autumn. It continued cold and torrential right through September and October, with the wheat sprouting and the crops blackened in the chilled and waterlogged fields. A Scotsman travelling across England that winter found half the houses along the road decked with placards announcing the sale of farming stock, while in Ireland, where the potato crop failed, the poor were reduced to eating stalks and nettles.

Seldom have I known so wet a summer as the one we have just endured in Southern England. Even 1946 was not so bad—that miserable first post-war year when the clouds lay like a perpetual cap over the cold, drenched Cotswold hills. In London and in the South-west, where, except for a fleeting visit to a cold but unforgettably lovely late spring in Edinburgh, my summer has been almost entirely spent, it seems to have rained every day. I know that statistics show this to be a gross exaggeration; probably the overall percentage of rainfall has only been 10 or 20 per cent., at the outside, above the average. But the overall impression has been that of rain, wind and cold all the summer long. During the three months in the year when a band plays regularly in Hyde Park and when, if in London, it is my practice to take an afternoon walk to the bandstand near the Achilles statue and sit there for an hour writing letters while scarlet-coated Guardsmen or green-plaided Highlanders or musical gentlemen from Midland and North country industrial towns, in discreet Ivor Novello variants of morning dress, play the "Bees' Wedding" or excerpts from "South Pacific," I have scarcely once this summer been able to sit listening in peace for more than half an hour without

being driven away by a torrential downpour or having my stationery blown out of my hands by some frolic wind. Only at the tail-end of the summer, in mid-September, when a few calm days of still mellow sunlight reminded us of what a real summer was like, was it possible to relax in any peace and comfort under the vivid green planes, for once untroubled by gales. And by then, alas, there was no band! As for my visits to the country, they seem to have been spent mainly in the clouds with which my home there commences, when these are more than ordinarily low, owing to its airy station above the hanging beechwoods. Hay-making was a prolonged nightmare, and the cows, paddling through waterlogged fields and parklands, have become through long usage almost aquatic creatures, while their lovely Io-like eyes have developed a melancholy fishy gaze. The sunken tracks through the woods, usually so dry, even in winter, on the

Yet when the rain has stopped and the clouds for a brief interlude have parted, how beautiful the land has looked! Southern England may be unspectacular as feature landscape—without its trees and downs it would be positively dull—but, like the lasses of misty Ireland and the Western Isles, it derives from its aqueous atmosphere the most exquisite complexion. And a summer like the present helps to impress the fact. Every bush, every weed has a magical emerald depth, and the skies, silver, white and pale tender blue with a thousand intervening shades, constantly remind one of where, and how, Constable learnt his business. Paul Robeson, that poet among singers, wrote of his first visit to England in the early 'twenties that never had he seen any land so beautiful, green and companionable; "I longed to fling myself flat upon my face and hug the cool earth." And how vivid the colours of its fresh foliage dewed by perpetual rain! Day after day, as I have hacked and peered through the jungle of bramble and bracken to find and rescue my buried rows of young beeches, I have held my breath with wonder at the repeated revelation of some tiny, sturdy beech plant with its deep, glowing emerald leaves. And if in years to come, long after their planter is dead, some of these thousands of little trees survive the chances of nature and the political and economic uncertainties of our destructive age and grow to maturity, this dreary, disappointing summer of 1958 will have had a part in the creation of their grandeur.

Some people, whose minds seem in a perpetual condition of political speculation and controversy, maintain that the bad weather of the present and last few summers has been due to atomic bomb tests. They may, of course, be right; their counterparts in the seventeenth century would probably have said they were the result of God's judgments on a wicked people for their lack of faith or their heretical backslidings. Yet though recurrent interferences with the atmosphere of nuclear explosions, rockets and jet planes may be possible

explanations of the current vagaries of the English climate, a social historian cannot help being aware that there is at least an alternative and more probable explanation. Like the poor, the English weather is always with us—our main staple of small talk, our petty vexation, and torment and, so philosophers maintain, a principal source of our vigour and resilience as a people. "Now," wrote that lover of England and dauntless traveller through her windswept rainy shires, John Byng, close on 200 years ago, "in as hot a climate as that of the East and West Indies and sometimes in winter feel the cold of Greenland, up and down; hence we are precarious, uncertain, wild, enduring mortals. And may we so endowed continue, the wonder and balance of the universe!" For it is as well, he may have reflected, to make a virtue of necessity.



AT REST AFTER NINETEEN YEARS ON THE PAPAL THRONE: HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII ON HIS DEATH-BED AT CASTEL GANDOLFO.

Pope Pius XII died at 3.52 a.m. (2.52 a.m. G.M.T.) on October 9 in his summer palace at Castel Gandolfo, after having been in a state of coma since his relapse on the previous morning. The announcement was made by Vatican Radio in a direct broadcast from an antechamber to the Pope's bedroom. The task of formally establishing death, after the physician has declared life extinct, falls to the Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church. This office was then vacant and the duty fell to the Dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, Cardinal Tisserant. In this task he calls the dead man three times loudly by his baptismal name and taps the forehead gently with a silver mallet. A new Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church, Cardinal Masella, was later elected. Here the Pope lies at rest, in an ermine-trimmed crimson velvet cape and hood, with a rosary entwined in his clasped hands. On either side stands a Monsignor in prayer, in the background is a Noble Guard. After the embalming and the removal to St. John Lateran in Rome for the service of Absolution, there followed three days of lying-in-state in St. Peter's.

friendly greensand, have become rivulets and swamps, in which, making my way with sickle and swing-cutter, to weed among the young plantations, I have sometimes sunk up to my knees and all but had the rubbers sucked off my legs. Working among the infant beeches and larches, often with bracken over my head—for I have never known bracken and brambles grow with such Jack-in-the-Beanstalk intensity as this year—I have invariably been soaked to the skin within a few minutes of starting even on fine days, and nearly always, when an occasional hour of sunshine or, at least, absence of rain has deluded one into supposing that the weather at last was on the mend, have been surprised by a sudden deluge, for all the world like a celestial housemaid emptying a bucket of icy-cold water over my head.



## THE POPE'S DEATH: HISTORIC SCENES AT CASTEL GANDOLFO.



DR. GASBARRINI AND MGR. DELL'ACQUA, OF THE VATICAN STATE SECRETARIAT, STUDY A BULLETIN ON THE POPE'S HEALTH SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.



LATE ON OCTOBER 8: CROWDS OUTSIDE THE POPE'S SUMMER RESIDENCE AT CASTEL GANDOLFO AWAITING THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT HIS HEALTH.



FATHER PELLEGRINO ANNOUNCING THE POPE'S DEATH AS THE TRADITIONAL CHAIN IS ABOUT TO BE PLACED ACROSS THE ENTRANCE OF THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE POPE DIES.



THE BODY OF THE POPE LYING ON THE DEATH-BED AT CASTEL GANDOLFO, AS CARDINAL TISSERANT, RIGHT CENTRE, SPRINKLES HOLY WATER.



IN THE SWISS HALL AT CASTEL GANDOLFO: THE SCENE DURING THE LYING-IN-STATE ON OCTOBER 9, TO WHICH MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC WERE ADMITTED.



THE POPE'S WIDOWED SISTER, COUNTESS ELISABETTA PACELLI ROSSIGNANI, AND ONE OF HIS NEPHEWS ARRIVING AT CASTEL GANDOLFO ON OCTOBER 8.

The Pope's death, reported on the front page, took place early on October 9. Shortly afterwards, the formal pronouncement of death, "Vere, Papa mortuus est," was made by Cardinal Tisserant, Dean of the College of Cardinals. During the day, messages of condolence poured into the Vatican from many parts of the world, and President Gronchi, members of the Roman nobility, and leading figures of Italian life and of the Diplomatic Corps came to make their last homage at Castel Gandolfo, where the Pope's body, in the traditional robes of a dead Pope, lay on the bed in which he died. In the afternoon,

the Pope's body, after being embalmed, was moved to the Swiss Hall, where it was placed on a crimson catafalque. Members of the public were afterwards admitted, to pay their final respects, and on the following day the body was taken by motor hearse to the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome, a few miles away, in preparation for the lying-in-state and burial at St. Peter's. Meanwhile, the choosing by the Cardinals (fifty-five are eligible to vote) of the next Pope—a ceremony followed by the proclamation "Habemus Papam"—was being prepared for in the Vatican.



## A GREAT MODERN LEADER AND AN UPHOLDER OF TRADITION: POPE PIUS XII—A



AT THE AGE OF SEVEN: EUGENIO PACELLI, WHO WAS BORN IN ROME ON MARCH 2, 1876, THE SON OF FILIPPO PACELLI, AN EMINENT ECCLESIASTICAL LAWYER, AND HIS WIFE, THE MARCHESA VIRGINIA GRAZIOSI.



EUGENIO AT THE AGE OF TWENTY, WHEN HE WAS AN ORDINAND AT THE WELL-KNOWN CAPRANICA COLLEGE IN ROME.

(Right) IN ROME IN 1943: POPE PIUS XII ADDRESSING AN INTENSE CROWD AFTER AN AIR RAID ON THE CITY.



CARDINAL PACELLI AT HIS DESK IN THE VATICAN WHEN HE WAS SECRETARY OF STATE TO POPE PIUS XI—A POSITION HE HELD FROM 1930 TO 1939.



DURING THE IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY MARKING THE CANONISATION OF POPE PIUS X ON MAY 29, 1954: THE LATE POPE KNEELING IN PRAYER ON A DAIS OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S.



ON MARCH 12, 1953: POPE PIUS XII BLESSING THE CROWD THE MOMENT AFTER THE TIARA HAD BEEN PLACED ON HIS HEAD DURING THE CORONATION CEREMONY ON THE BALCONY ABOVE THE MAIN DOOR OF ST. PETER'S.



THE LATE POPE SIGNING THE PAPAL BULL FROM WHICH HE READ THE PROCLAMATION ON NOVEMBER 1, 1950, OF THE NEW DOGMA OF THE BODILY ASSUMPTION INTO HEAVEN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII was elected to the Papacy on March 2, 1959, his sixty-third birthday. For close on twenty years he combined a subtle awareness of the importance of keeping in touch with modern progress and a fine feeling for the great traditions of his high office in leading his Church at a most critical and difficult period. Eugenio Pacelli was born in Rome in 1876, the son of a great ecclesiastical lawyer. Educated at the Gregorian University and Capranica College, Eugenio was ordained

## PICTORIAL RECORD OF HIS LONG LIFE SPENT IN THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.



IN 1949—ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ENTRY INTO THE PRIESTHOOD ON APRIL 2, 1899: THE LATE POPE RECEIVING GIFTS AND GOOD WISHES FROM A GROUP OF CHILDREN AT AN AUDIENCE IN THE VATICAN.



THE LATE POPE WHEN HE WAS PAPAL NUNCIO IN GERMANY WITH THE TITLE OF ARCHBISHOP OF SARDES. HE WAS IN MUNICH FROM 1917 TO 1920, AND THEN IN BERLIN UNTIL 1929. DURING THIS TIME HE NEGOTIATED CONCORDATS IN MUNICH, DRESDEN AND BERLIN.



AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE HOLY YEAR ON DECEMBER 24, 1949: THE LATE POPE, USING A GOLDEN HAMMER WITH AN IVORY HANDLE, KNOCKING AT THE HOLY DOOR OF ST. PETER'S.



IN OCTOBER LAST YEAR: THE LATE POPE PRESSING A BUTTON TO INAUGURATE THE NEW VATICAN RADIO STATION AT SANTA MARIA DI GALLERIA.



ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY—MARCH 2, 1956: POPE PIUS XII RECEIVING SPRING BLOSSOMS FROM SOME OF THE YOUNG CHILDREN WHO CAME TO BRING HIM THEIR BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

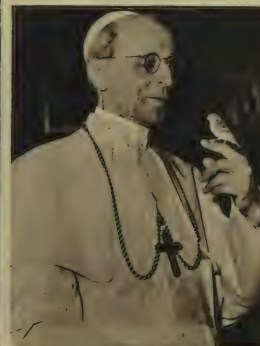


AT THE DESK OF HIS LIBRARY IN THE VATICAN: THE LATE POPE AT HIS TYPEWRITER, ON WHICH HE USUALLY PREPARED HIS ADDRESSES AND DEALT WITH HIS PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE.



IN HIS PRIVATE GARDEN AT THE VATICAN: POPE PIUS XII READING WHILE TAKING A WALK. IT WAS HIS HABIT TO SPEND A PERIOD EACH MORNING WALKING ALONE IN HIS GARDEN.

Priest in 1899. On the accession of Pope Pius X in 1903, Cardinal Gasparri called in the young Pacelli to assist him in the huge task of codifying Canon Law. While doing this work he was also sent on missions abroad, and was in this country with the Papal delegations attending the funeral of Queen Victoria, the Eucharistic Congress of 1908, and the Coronation of King George V. In 1917 Pope Benedict appointed Mgr. Pacelli as Nuncio in Munich and he became Archbishop of Sardes. From Munich he moved to Berlin, returning to Rome in



AT HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE AT CASTEL GANDOLFO JUST UNDER TWO YEARS AGO: THE LATE POPE WITH A FET SPARROW PERCHED ON HIS FINGER.



SOON AFTER HIS SERIOUS ILLNESS IN THE EARLY MONTHS OF 1954: POPE PIUS XII TALKING WITH A YOUNG GIRL AT A CEREMONY IN ST. PETER'S.

1920, when he received his Cardinal's hat. He had achieved a high reputation as a negotiator and diplomat, and in 1930 Cardinal Pacelli was appointed Secretary of State to Pope Pius XI. His election as Pope in 1959 was generally well received except in Nazi Germany, and in those crucial months before the outbreak of war Pius XII began that work for the preservation of peace for which he became noted. Pius XII was a man of austere living and of stately presence, and in constant audiences and broadcasts he came close to his flock.



# SOLEMN DAYS IN ROME: THE POPE'S BODY TAKEN TO ST. PETER'S, AND THE LYING-IN-STATE.



AFTER THE JOURNEY FROM CASTEL GANDOLFO: THE COFFIN—WITH THE PAPAL TIARA AT ITS HEAD—IN THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN DURING THE ABSOLUTION CEREMONY.



AT ST. JOHN LATERAN, WHERE THE SERVICE OF ABSOLUTION WAS PERFORMED: THE COFFIN BEARING THE POPE'S BODY BEING CARRIED OUT OF THE BASILICA AT THE START OF THE FINAL STAGE OF THE JOURNEY TO ST. PETER'S.



PASSING ALONG A ROUTE PACKED WITH THE PEOPLE OF ROME: THE HEARSE BEARING THE POPE'S BODY ON ITS WAY TO ST. PETER'S.



MOVING PAST THE COLOSSEUM ON ITS WAY TO ST. PETER'S: THE HEARSE PRECEDED BY A LONG PROCESSION OF PRIESTS AND SEMINARISTS.



DURING THE LYING-IN-STATE IN ST. PETER'S: HUGE CROWDS AWAITING THEIR TURN TO ENTER THE BASILICA IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE, WHILE OTHERS MOVE AWAY HAVING PAID THEIR LAST RESPECTS.



SURROUNDED BY TWENTY-FOUR CANDLES AND WATCHED BY MEMBERS OF THE NOBLE GUARD AND OF THE SWISS GUARDS: THE EMBALMED BODY OF PIUS XII LYING IN STATE IN ST. PETER'S AS SILENT MOURNERS FILE PAST.

On October 10 the body of Pope Pius XII was brought from Castel Gandolfo to Rome. The first stage of the journey to St. Peter's ended at the Basilica of St. John Lateran, where the service of absolution was performed. Then began the slow and solemn journey across the city to St. Peter's. The hearse bearing the coffin was surmounted by a replica of the tiara and was accompanied by a procession some two-and-a-half miles in length. The streets of Rome were packed as the procession moved through them and it was estimated that a

quarter of a million people watched it pass through the city, while an equal number had packed St. Peter's Square to witness the end of the journey. It was a moment of moving solemnity when the coffin was carried into the basilica at dusk to the tolling of bells. For the next three days a huge flow of mourners gathered outside St. Peter's to await their turn to file past the Pope's body as it lay in state on a catafalque before the High Altar. At a meeting of Cardinals on October 11 the late Pope's "fisherman's ring" was formally broken.



## THE BURIAL OF POPE PIUS XII: A MOVING CEREMONY IN ST. PETER'S.



(1) THE HEAVY, TRIPLE COFFIN CONTAINING THE POPE'S BODY BEING MECHANICALLY LOWERED INTO THE VAULTS OF ST. PETER'S. (2) CARDINAL MASELLA, CHAMBERLAIN OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH (FOURTH FROM RIGHT), AFFIXING HIS SEAL TO THE COFFIN. (3) A SCENE OF AWE-INSPIRING SOLEMNITY DURING THE BURIAL SERVICE. (Photographs by radio.)

On October 13, amid scenes of solemn pomp and splendour, Pope Pius XII was buried in St. Peter's, the burial ceremony being televised for the first time. The three-day lying-in-state ended at noon, and at four o'clock the body was taken down from the high catafalque. The burial service, lasting about two hours and attended by nearly twenty members of the College of Cardinals, by relatives, Prelates, the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See and members of the Papal Court, was conducted by Mgr. van Lierde, the Dutch Vicar-General of the Vatican City. As the choir intoned a psalm, the body was

carried to the Papal altar by sixteen pallbearers, while six Noble Guards, their sword-blades shining, and Swiss Guards—wearing breast-plates and carrying pikes—formed an escort. The body was placed in the triple coffin of cypress, lead and elm and Holy Water was sprinkled over it by the Cardinals present. When the Pope's body had been covered by a scarlet cloth and an obituary parchment placed beside it, the lid was placed on the coffin, which was afterwards wheeled to the opening over the vaults and then lowered into them. The Pope is to lie in the vaults until a special tomb has been prepared.



WHEN a country is put under the yoke of martial law, to meet an emergency falling short of armed revolt, the reaction of world opinion is, as a rule, unfavourable. Proof of the gravity of the ills from which Pakistan is suffering may be found in the fact that comment has in this case been generally sympathetic. It is not armed revolt that is being faced here—though that may have been round the corner—but political chaos amounting virtually to paralysis. At least few critics think that the President, General Iskander Mirza, is a dictator from choice. He has proclaimed martial law and appointed the Commander-in-Chief, General Mohammed Ayub Khan, to be chief administrator.

This is not the first occasion on which a constitutional suspension has taken place. The Constituent Assembly General was suspended four years ago and there have been many troubled moments since. All who have followed Pakistan history even through sources in English—there has been one informative publication in Karachi—must have been astonished and grieved by what they have revealed. A *Times* editorial speaks of the party manoeuvres as being "as bad as in France." I should have thought that they were very much worse. There was virtually no concealment of the fact that they were entirely without principle. The shifts of alliances were not made so much to strengthen a Government or to oppose it as for the self-interest of leaders. Governments themselves were nearly always weak and, in general, cowardly. They have watched the ugly partisan scuffles and ambushes with hardly an effort to stop them.

A repellent cynicism, which one does not look for in a new State, has overhung the political world. Corruption has been rife and has spread out into business and trade. This is less unexpected. It is fallacious to suppose that corruption is particularly a vice of old communities; it flourishes perhaps most of all when nations are in their infancy. Embezzlement, bribery, smuggling appear in all countries, but here they have penetrated circles which in happier ones have been generally free from them. The bitterness which was to be expected in hot-tempered peoples in an early stage of self-government has got out of hand. The aim of many politicians, General Ayub Khan says, has been to set Pakistani against Pakistani.

All this would be bad enough in a State which had taken shape with good auspices and in relatively easy circumstances. It is far worse when the brittle nature of Pakistan is taken into account. By comparison with India, Pakistan was set up under deep disadvantages, which have been increased by the strained relations between the two from the moment of the partition of the subcontinent. The apparently hopeless deadlock about Kashmir has prevented time from doing the work of healing which it would normally have accomplished. In some respects the internal situation is more menacing than the external. Its most troublesome feature is the lack of a sense of being part of a nation in East Pakistan.

Here, indeed, is the kernel of the matter. It may well be that the present experiment will

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### STORM-TOSSED PAKISTAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

decide the future of that section of Pakistan. I suppose not many people in this country stop to consider even the physical aspect of the problem. Let us imagine that Estonia, which has been absorbed by Soviet Russia, were, not a colony, but an integral part of France. As regards the distance between these two French lands the situation would be roughly the same as that of Pakistan. One might add that the difference in temperament of the two parts of France—supposing the Estonians to have minds of their own, as they had before Russia took them in hand—would be fully reflected in the two parts of Pakistan.



MAJOR-GENERAL ISKANDER MIRZA, PRESIDENT OF PAKISTAN, WHO ON OCTOBER 7 DECLARED MARTIAL LAW, DISMISSED THE GOVERNMENTS AND ABOLISHED POLITICAL PARTIES.

President Mirza, who has had a most distinguished career as soldier and administrator, is fifty-eight, and was trained at Sandhurst. In taking drastic action in the interests of the country, he proclaimed: "To the patriots and the law-abiding, I promise you will be happier and free. The political adventurers . . . will be unhappy . . . As for the traitors, they had better flee the country if they can, and while the going is good."



GENERAL MOHAMMED AYUB KHAN, C-IN-C. OF THE PAKISTAN ARMY SINCE 1951, APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT CHIEF MARTIAL LAW ADMINISTRATOR IN PAKISTAN'S CRISIS.

Broadcasting on October 8, General Ayub Khan said: "This is a drastic and extreme step, taken with great reluctance but with the fullest conviction that there was no alternative to it except the disintegration and complete ruination of the country. . . . As to the operation of martial law, I propose to use civilian agencies to the maximum." General Ayub Khan is also Sandhurst-trained.



ABOUT AS FAR APART AS FRANCE AND ESTONIA, AND PROBABLY AS DISTINCT IN TEMPERAMENT: A MAP SHOWING THE TWO PARTS OF PAKISTAN—A PHYSICAL DIVISION WHICH HAS PROVED A HANDICAP FOR A YOUNG NATION. (Map by courtesy of Geography, Ltd.)

As I have suggested, however, the worst French Governments have not descended to the lowest Pakistani levels, so that the chances of contentment in the detached part of the country would be better than in East Pakistan. France's financial situation, measured by her needs, is better than that of Pakistan. It can hardly be doubted that the future of East Pakistan and its link with West Pakistan was very much in the mind of General Iskander Mirza when he took the step made last week. Were the experiment to fail, the strain on that link would become more difficult for it to bear, and the final result might be fatal to it. The question is whether success can be attained without amendment of the constitution.

Apart from the gap between the two territories, Pakistan started with an improvised capital and an improvised civil service, neither of which handicaps were faced by India. The civil servants have naturally suffered from the political weakness, and have shown many deficiencies, but on the whole they have proved superior to the ministers whom they have served. A good deal of useful progress has been made in the field of public works. The Army has hitherto proved steady, reliable and well disciplined. The tasks which have been allotted to it, above all the present one, make these qualities even more necessary than usual. At the same time, the situation imposes a severe test on the soldiers.

According to the statement of General Ayub Khan, he intends to act as far as possible through civil agencies and to keep the Army in the background and in the main to its proper business, that of national defence. He revealed what had been in his mind from the first—he has been Commander-in-Chief for nearly eight years—when he spoke of his appreciation of the country's internal and external problems. "We solemnly decided to build a true national Army, free from politics, a model of devotion to duty and integrity, imbued with the spirit of service to the people and capable of effectively defending the country." Only such an Army can hope to make a success of the present awkward job.

The two men in whose keeping the destinies of Pakistan lie at present are both soldiers, but the President, who is by several years the elder, has had the more administrative experience and the closer acquaintance with politics. General Ayub Khan is a soldier pure and simple, but one whose work has taken him into the highest fields of international affairs. As Commander-in-Chief, still the only Pakistani to have held that appointment in the Army, he has been concerned with the military side of two predominantly military treaties, the Baghdad Pact, and S.E.A.T.O. He was rushed up to his present post. There was no alternative, since the number of officers senior to him who could be considered was very small. Late in the war in Burma he had commanded a battalion. With the resources at his disposal, large in high-class military manpower but not otherwise what he felt necessary, he appears to have done well.

What Pakistan needs most at the moment is some good statesmen and one at least of the highest merit and integrity. Jinnah would probably have left the scene anyhow by this time, but it was tragic that he did not survive longer. The death of Liaquat Ali Khan was disastrous. The deficiency does not lie in oratory or in ideas; it is to be found chiefly in character and personality. "A perfectly sound country has been turned into a laughing-stock," said General Ayub Khan. This is a heavy indictment of a series of Governments and a sad predicament. Admittedly the remedy adopted by General Iskander Mirza is extremely drastic. It can be justified only by success, and success implies self-extinction within a reasonable span of time. One cannot wish the Generals better fortune than that they should not be needed for long in their present rôle.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(Left.)  
OFF NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, U.S. SURFACED AFTER A RECORD SIXTY DAYS UNDER WATER: THE UNITED STATES ATOMIC SUBMARINE SEAWOLF. U.S.S. *Seawolf* surfaced in calm Atlantic waters off New London at 15.45 GMT on October 6, having spent sixty days under water, and thus nearly doubled the previous underwater record of 31 days, 5½ hours set up by another nuclear submarine, *Skate*, last May. The 3260-ton submarine had submerged on Aug. 7. During her sixty days underwater she had logged more than 13,700 miles, travelling non-stop within a 200-mile radius. Nuclear submarines use "canned" air, and not the conventional Schnorkel system. After surfacing it was discovered that a steel plate was missing from the side of the submarine, revealing a network of inner pipes, but leaving the inner hull intact. Nothing was known of this damage until *Seawolf* surfaced.



SNOWY MOUNTAINS, AUSTRALIA. FURTHER PROGRESS IN THE GREAT SNOWY MOUNTAINS HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME: THE OPENING OF THE TUMUT POND DAM. On September 14 Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, declared open the 283-ft.-high Tumut Pond Dam. He is seen here with Sir William Hudson, Commissioner of the Snowy Mountains Authority (right), and is pointing to the trees which will mark the top level when the huge reservoir is filled. The dam has cost £A4,000,000.



COPENHAGEN, DENMARK. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE DANISH CAPITAL'S NEW FRUIT AND VEGETABLE MARKET, OPENED IN THE SUBURB OF VALBY ON OCTOBER 2. This new market, claimed as one of the largest in Europe and also as being unique in many features, was opened on October 2. It replaces an old market in the centre of Copenhagen and has room for some 2000 stall-holders and customers. Its cost is given as nearly £1,500,000.



RUSSIA. A GIANT MACHINE NOW IN OPERATION IN RUSSIA FOR CANAL CONSTRUCTION. IT FACES THE SIDES AND BOTTOM OF THE CUT AND LAYS THE CEMENT. This machine has a span of some 45 yards and the sixteen electric motors which drive it are controlled from the driver's cab. It is stated that it is capable of laying 1800 sq. yards of concrete facing about a foot thick during a single day's operation. The human figure on top gives some idea of its size.



CYPRUS. AT THE BRITISH MILITARY CEMETERY AT NICOSIA: THE BURIAL OF MRS. CUTLIFFE, ATTENDED BY HER HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER, CENTRE. The burial of Mrs. Cutcliffe, whose murder by terrorists in Famagusta has shocked world opinion, took place on October 6. EOKA, the Greek-Cypriot terrorist organisation, has denied responsibility for the murder, although almost certainly guilty of it.



GREECE. ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS AT THE OPENING OF A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR HUNGER STRIKE BY STUDENTS IN ATHENS IN PROTEST AGAINST BRITISH CONDUCT IN CYPRUS. Cypriot students in Athens recently organised a brief hunger strike in protest against the forceful introduction of the British partnership plan in Cyprus. Archbishop Makarios has said he was sure Greek Cypriots were not guilty of Mrs. Cutcliffe's death.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



WEST GERMANY. THE PRIME MINISTER'S 24-HOUR VISIT TO BONN: PRESIDENT HEUSS WITH MR. MACMILLAN SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL. Mr. Macmillan made a one-day visit to Bonn on October 8. Returning to England the next day he said his visit had been very fruitful and it was reported that his talks with Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, had resulted in full agreement on the need for the speedy introduction of the European Free Trade Area.



INDIA. MR. NEHRU, THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER, STANDING, ADDRESSING REPRESENTATIVES OF NEARLY SEVENTY COUNTRIES DURING THE MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY FUND AND WORLD BANK IN NEW DELHI. MR. NEHRU SPOKE OF ASIA'S GREAT NEED OF ECONOMIC AID.



GIBRALTAR. SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL FEEDING A GIBRALTAR APE DURING HIS BRIEF VISIT. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill arrived at Gibraltar on Oct. 1 at the end of their cruise in the yacht *Christina* as the guests of Mr. Onassis, the shipowner, and his wife. At Gibraltar, Sir Winston drove to the top of the Rock to feed the apes.



DENMARK. SIR J. COCKCROFT, DIRECTOR OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT, RECEIVING AN AWARD FROM KING FREDERIK. On October 7 Sir John Cockcroft, Director of the British Atomic Energy Research Establishment, was presented with the Nils Bohr gold medal for outstanding scientific achievements in the field of peaceful uses of atomic energy. The presentation was made in Copenhagen by King Frederik at the building of the Danish Civil Engineers' Association. Queen Ingrid and the Danish atomic scientist, Hr. Nils Bohr, were present.



EINDHOVEN, HOLLAND. THE DUTCH PREMIER (R.) INAUGURATING THE NEW TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL. On October 6 the Dutch Prime Minister, Dr. W. Drees, drove the first pile into the ground for the construction of the main building of the new Technical High School at Eindhoven. It is the second to be built in Holland, and should be finished in 1961.



PARIS, FRANCE. THE SEALING OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE FIFTH REPUBLIC. M. MICHEL DEBRE, MINISTER OF JUSTICE (LEFT), IMPRESSES THE SEAL AND (RIGHT) DISPLAYS THE DOCUMENT.

In these two photographs of the sealing and official promulgation of the constitution of the Fifth Republic on October 6, M. Jacques Soustelle can be seen on the right of the left picture and M. Paul Reynaud on the right of the right. The constitution is printed on parchment and bound in red morocco and after the sealing took its place in a glass case with the constitutions of the previous Republican régimes.





## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Left.)  
AMERICAN TROOPS  
FILE ABOARD THE  
TRANSPORT SHIP  
GENERAL LE ROY  
ELTINGE BEFORE  
LEAVING BEIRUT,  
ON OCTOBER 4. AP-  
PROXIMATELY 1000  
TROOPS EMBARKED  
TO RETURN TO GER-  
MANY. MOST HAD  
BEEN IN LEBANON  
SINCE THE EARLY  
DAYS OF THE AMER-  
ICAN LANDINGS.



(Right.)  
IN BEIRUT STREETS  
ON OCTOBER 6 WHEN  
ANTI-GOVERNMENT  
FACTIONS SET UP BAR-  
RICADES WHICH, AS  
SEEN HERE, THEY  
LATER SET ON FIRE.  
THE BARRICADES  
WERE ERECTED TO  
PREVENT MANY SHOP-  
KEEPERS FROM  
REACHING BEIRUT,  
THUS ENFORCING THE  
16-DAY-OLD STRIKE.



CHRISTIAN FALANGISTS, WHO OPPOSE THE NEW LEBANESE GOVERNMENT, CARRYING A MOCK  
COFFIN OF PRIME MINISTER RASHID KARAMI ALONG A DOWNTOWN BEIRUT STREET.



AN OLD WOMAN WITH A STICK ARGUED WITH A LEBANESE SOLDIER WHEN THE ARMY  
TURNED OUT IN FORCE TO DEAL WITH DISTURBANCES ON OCTOBER 6.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN MARCHED AND SHOUTED SLOGANS DURING THE OCTOBER 6 DISTURBANCES  
IN BEIRUT. OPPOSITION TO THE NEW GOVERNMENT HAD STRENGTHENED.



ARMENIAN CHRISTIAN WOMEN, ONE ARMED WITH A CLUB, CHECKING THE PASS OF A  
TRUCK DRIVER TRYING TO LEAVE THE PORT AREA OF BEIRUT ON OCTOBER 5.

## LEBANON. THE AMERICAN WITHDRAWAL; AND TROUBLES IN BEIRUT UNDER THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

As may be judged from the recent Beirut photographs above, the future of the wealthy little Near East state of Lebanon is now as perplexed and doubtful as that of its near neighbour, Jordan. Two immediately important factors account for this. First, the American State Department announced last week that all the U.S. forces, numbering about 6000, would be withdrawn from Lebanon by the end of this month "barring unforeseen developments." The new Lebanese President, who took over office from Camille Chamoun on

September 23, pledged himself in his inaugural address to work towards a situation which would facilitate a withdrawal of foreign troops from Lebanon. Evidently he must recently have thought that such a situation obtained. But there is a second factor. Despite the fact that the new Cabinet, headed by the former rebel leader Rashid Karami, was more moderate than many supporters of the late Government had believed possible, opposition to it has grown and violence continues.



## THE "PARADISE" OF DAG PAZARI: A NEWLY DISCOVERED EARLY CHRISTIAN MOSAIC IN SOUTHERN ASIA MINOR.

By MICHAEL R. E. GOUGH, of the University of Edinburgh.

The work described below was carried out in August 1957 by an expedition sponsored by the Leverhulme Trust, the Russell Trust and a private subscriber. Facilities were provided by the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara and the Turkish General Directorate of Museums and Antiquities, who appointed Bay Mehmet Yaylali, Assistant Director of the Adana Museum, as their representative. The expedition was led by the author, who was assisted by Mrs. Michael Gough, Mr. Michael Ballance, Librarian of the British School at Rome, and by Miss B. K. E. Kistruck of Edinburgh University.

FOR some time it has been clear that the mountainous province of Isauria, now largely contained in the Turkish province of İçel, played an important part in the formative period of Christian art before the age of Justinian. The journeys of Laborde in the mid-nineteenth century, followed by the expedition of Headlam, Hogarth and Ramsay in 1890, have made familiar the magnificent architecture and sculpture of the monastery at Alahan, some 16 miles (26 km.) north-west of Mut (Claudiopolis) on the main road to Karaman (Laranda). Between the wars expeditions sponsored by the American Society for Historical Research in Asia Minor collected further information

always a centre of importance, possibly the city of Coropissus, metropolis of the Cetæ, which was apparently midway between Claudopolis and Laranda. So it was tentatively identified by Headlam who made a quick plan of the fine church (Fig. 2) which still stands at its east end to the height of the apse.

In 1957 a more leisurely inspection went some way to confirm his identification. The ancient city was surrounded in Byzantine times by walls with rectangular towers at intervals. In it were two inscriptions of Septimius Severus in which the place is described as a city. Another, of Caracalla, has been built into a modern house. Moreover, there are also four episcopal inscriptions, but none of the bishops named is known to have held the see of Coropissus. Yet, city and bishopric as it was, it seems, on the evidence of surface sherds, that Dağ Pazari was an important settlement from the fourth or fifth century B.C. until at least the seventh century A.D. Later pottery is rare, so the place must have declined gradually until a

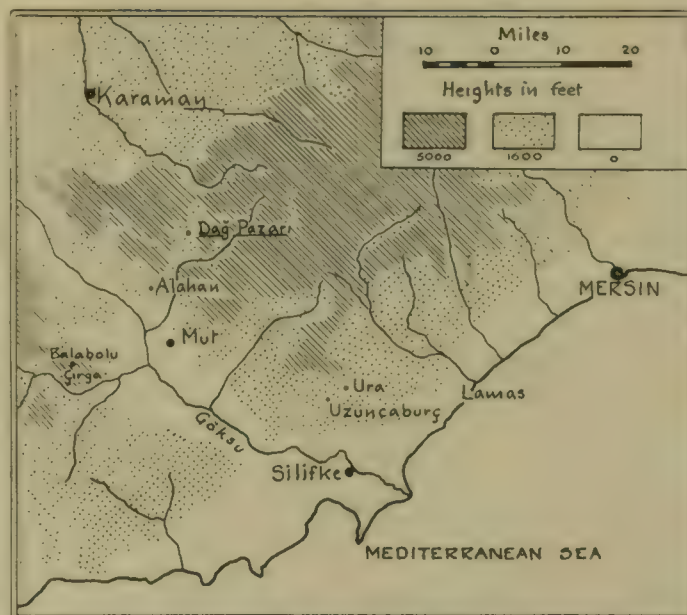


FIG. 1. A SKETCH MAP OF THE ASIA MINOR COAST DIRECTLY NORTH OF THE EASTERN TIP OF CYPRUS, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF DAG PAZARI. SILIFKE IS ANCIENT SELEUCIA, MUT CLAUDIOPOLIS AND KARAMAN LARANDA.

fifth century, had been partially destroyed by fire after a short period, and later rebuilt. A very striking mosaic in the *narthex* was, in fact, of two periods, each part distinguished by an inscription.



FIG. 2. THE FINE LATER CHURCH AT DAG PAZARI, OF THE DOMED AMBULATORY TYPE, WHICH WAS PROBABLY BUILT IN THE LATE SIXTH OR EARLY SEVENTH CENTURY, AFTER WHICH THE CITY SEEMS TO HAVE DECLINED.



FIG. 3. LOOKING EASTWARDS FROM DAG PAZARI ALONG THE ROAD TO MUT (ANCIENT CLAUDIOPOLIS). THIS WAS TAKEN FROM THE ACROPOLIS OF WHAT WAS MOST PROBABLY ANCIENT COROPISSUS, METROPOLIS OF THE CETÆ.

which was published in Vols. II and III of "Monumenta Asiae Minoris Antiqua." Vol. II, edited by Herzfeld and Guyer, illustrated a wealth of fine church architecture in the coastal area, notably at Silifke (Seleucia on the Calycadnus) and at Corycus, together with an interesting *paradeisos* mosaic in the "Cathedral" at the latter site. In 1953 the author uncovered another *paradeisos* mosaic at Ayas (Elaeusa) on the coast near Corycus (*I.L.N.*, 1953, April 25), while excavations in 1955 at Alahan and at the neighbouring rock-cut church at Al Oda brought further evidence of the importance of Isauria in the history of Early Christian art and architecture ("Anatolian Studies," Vol. V (1955), pp. 115-123, and Vol. VII (1957), pp. 153-161). In October 1957, the chance find of a fifth-century reliquary at Cırğa, in the neighbourhood of Mut, has shown that the silver-smiths of Isauria were no less competent than its architects and artists (*I.L.N.*, 1957, December 28, p. 1121).

One of the farthest outposts of Isauria visited by Headlam, Hogarth and Ramsay was Dağ Pazari, "the Mountain Market," a large village in the Taurus, about 4000 ft. above sea level and nearly 25 miles (40 km.) N.N.W. of Mut, on a secondary road to Karaman which seems to have been in use from Roman times at least (Fig. 1). The strategic position of Dağ Pazari on a hill defined to the east, south and west by a stream now called the Kavak Gözü, suggests that it was

short reoccupation by the Karamanoğulları in the thirteenth century. After their time the site was abandoned until eighty years ago, when some Turks from Bulgaria settled in the north-east corner of the enceinte.



FIG. 4. A BRONZE LAMP-CHAIN, INCORPORATING A CROSS, WHICH WAS FOUND LYING IN THE DEBRIS ON TOP OF THE MOSAICS AND WHICH PRESUMABLY DATES FROM THE COLLAPSE OF THE ROOF. SCALE IN CENTIMETRES.

In 1957 the main effort was concentrated on the excavation of a church at the south-east end of the village, where a small patch of mosaic had been unearthed by a villager. Soundings were made at this point, and at others where it seemed that the plan of the building would be most easily recovered.

It proved that the church had been founded at the end of the fourth or the beginning of the

The later section, probably of the late fifth century, was at the south end where the evidence of a fire was strongest. The church did not long survive its rebuilding, and was again destroyed by fire at the end of the sixth century.

The church, of basilican type with an inscribed apse and a side chapel, was roofed with timber and tiles. Some charred beams and a lamp-chain with a central cross (Fig. 4) were found lying where they had crashed down to the floor; so were fragments of the southern door from the *narthex* into the nave, together with the iron door-plates.

Apart from one comparatively minor break just north of centre, the *narthex* mosaic covers a total area of about 861 sq. ft. (80 sq. metres), 54 ft. 1 in. x 16 ft. 2½ ins. (16.50 m. x 4.94 m.) (Fig. 5). Both parts of it, though in separate frames, share the same border motives, and an overall unity is preserved. The older mosaic at the northern end consists of an arrangement of interlinking circles enclosing either a bird, a ewer, a bowl or an embroidered sack of fruit (Fig. 14), while in the centre of the whole design is an inscription recording the addition of the *narthex* to the church and the laying of the mosaic by Bishop John Elpidius. A wide range of colours was used: white, yellow, salmon, red, plum, brown and grey in stone, and an apple-green and turquoise in glass. A goose with brilliant plumage is [Continued opposite.



# MOSAICS OF 1500 AND 1600 YEARS AGO: EMBLEMS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.



FIG. 5. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MOSAICS RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT DAG PAZARI, IN ISAURIA, IN ASIA MINOR. THE MODERN HUT AT THE FURTHER END COVERS A CONSIDERABLE PORTION.

*Continued.*] particularly effective (Fig. 10); so, too, is a fruit dish (Fig. 8) containing a pomegranate, pears and apples. Apart from the central inscription (unfortunately dated by an indiction number only), and another near the border which reads "Lord, aid Anastasius the priest and Abba," there is nothing in this mosaic which connects it with Christianity, unless the peacock in one of the roundels is taken as an allusion to the immortality of the soul. In the restored section (Fig. 6), however, there is perhaps some Christian symbolism. The design consists of a vine issuing from an amphora at the bottom of the field (Fig. 12). From it, branches spread in all directions to form irregular frames for the birds and beasts they enclose. Cumbersome fat-tailed sheep (Figs. 6 and 13) confront each other over the amphora, and a wealth of birds—many surely unknown to ornithology—are set in a curiously random fashion all over the field. The pelican (Fig. 12) and the hen with her chicks (Fig. 11) are likely to have a specialised Christian significance; [*Continued overleaf.*]

(Right.) FIG. 7. A DETAIL FROM THE SOUTHERN END OF THE NARTHEX MOSAIC, SHOWING A HARE MUNCHING A LEAF. A VERY SIMILAR MOTIF WAS DISCOVERED BY MR. R. G. GOODCHILD IN CYRENAICA AND ILLUSTRATED IN OUR ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 23, 1957.



FIG. 6. THE LATER (SOUTHERN) END OF THE MOSAIC, SHOWING THE VINE EMERGING FROM A VASE AND ENCIRCLING BIRDS, BEASTS AND THE CENTRAL GREEK INSCRIPTION.

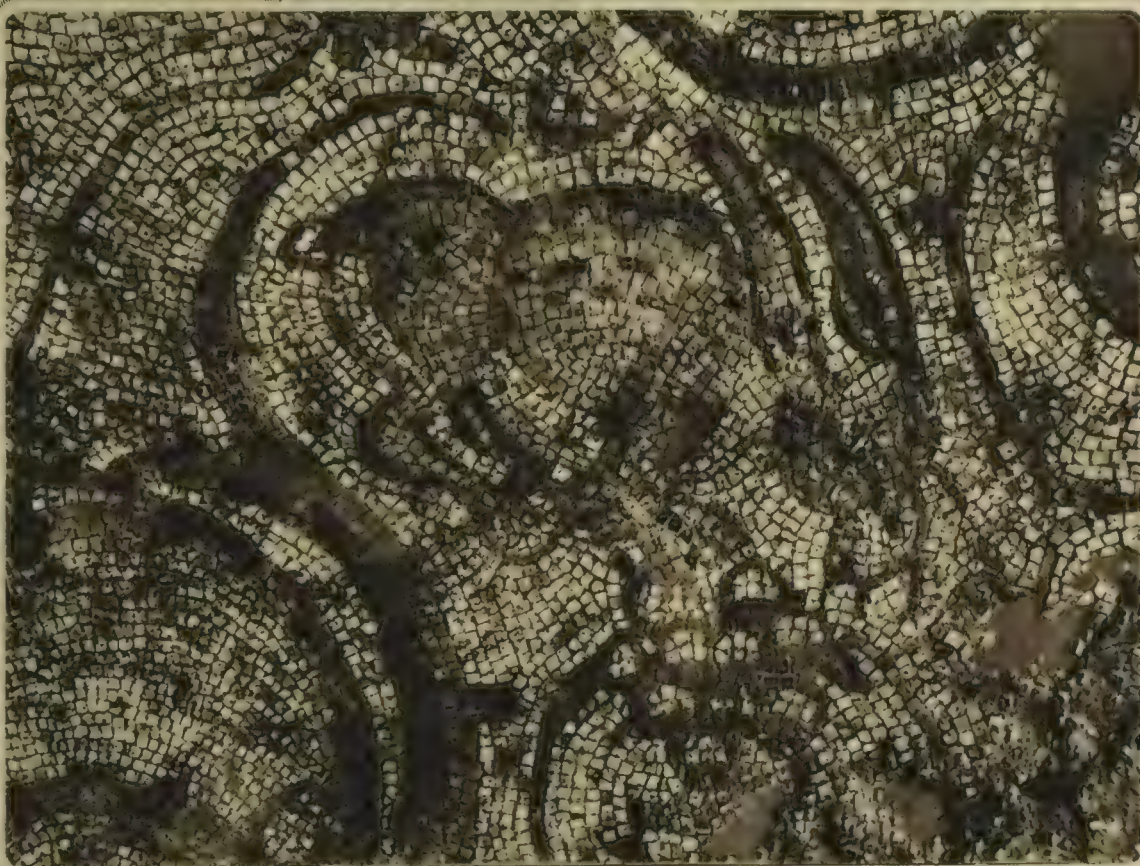


FIG. 8. AN EFFECTIVE ROUNDSEL FROM THE EARLIER (NORTHERN) END, SHOWING POMEGRANATES, PEARS AND APPLES IN A DISH. COLOURS, RED, PLUM, GREEN AND YELLOW.



FIG. 9. THE CENTRAL GREEK INSCRIPTION OF THE SOUTHERN END, RECORDING THE RESTORATION IN THE TIME OF "OUR BISHOP LONGINUS BELOVED OF GOD"—WHITE LETTERS ON RED.



## MOSAICS WHICH LONGINUS RESTORED—IN WHAT MAY BE LOST COROPISSUS.



FIG. 10. ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST OF THE BIRD ROUNDELS. BETWEEN PINK-FLOWERED SHRUBS STANDS A GOOSE WITH GREEN BACK AND BREAST OF TURQUOISE GLASS.



FIG. 11. POSSIBLY OF SOME CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM: A HEN WITH HER CHICKS, ALL ALIKE SPECKLED IN GREY, YELLOW, BLACK AND WHITE, IN A CURL OF THE VINE.



FIG. 14. A ROUNDEL SHOWING A CILICIAN BLACK GOAT-HAIR SACK CONTAINING FRUIT. EMBROIDERED SACKS LIKE THIS ARE STILL COMMONLY USED IN TURKISH VILLAGES.  
*Picture below.*



FIG. 13. JUST BESIDE THE LONGINUS INSCRIPTION (FIG. 9), A HERON IN BLACK, GREY AND WHITE, WITH YELLOW LEGS. RIGHT, THE HEAD OF A FAT-TAILED SHEEP (SEE FIG. 6.)



FIG. 12. THE CENTRAL VASE FROM WHICH THE VINE ISSUES. AMONG THE BIRDS IS, RIGHT, A PELICAN IN GREY AND WHITE, WITH THE BILL AND FEET RED.  
*Centre picture above.*



FIG. 15. A DISNEY CHARACTER OF 1500 YEARS AGO: AN ENGAGING DUCK MOSAIC IN THE LATER SECTION. THE COLOURS ARE BLACK, GREY, RED AND YELLOW.

*Continued.]* but the beautiful heron (Fig. 13), the ibis and the hare munching a leaf (Fig. 7) have a purely decorative function. The same colour scheme is used as for the neighbouring mosaic, but this time it lacks the glass tesserae of green and turquoise. This Early Christian mosaic, restored by Bishop Longinus (Fig. 9), is the most lively yet found in Isauria. The amphora and vine is among the commoner decorative schemes, particularly in the eastern

half of the Roman Empire, but here it is fresh and individual. Of course it lacks the finesse of Antioch and Constantinople; but it likewise lacks the provincial flavour of the *Ayas paradeisos*. Our knowledge of mosaics in Anatolia proper is at present meagre, but it is tempting to speculate whether the Dağ Pazari mosaic may be linked, not with the art of Antioch or Constantinople, but with that of the great Christian centres in the southern plateau, for example Iconium.





## THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XI. THE KING'S SCHOOL, PARRAMATTA.



INSPECTING ONE OF THE PARADES WHICH PRECEDE MEALS IN THE DINING HALL. CORPS UNIFORM IS WORN AS EVERYDAY DRESS AT THE KING'S SCHOOL.



A DEMONSTRATION WITH THE AID OF A MODEL DURING A FIFTH FORM BIOLOGY CLASS AT THE KING'S SCHOOL.



THE ENTRANCE TO GOWAN BRAE—CONTAINING ONE OF THE PREPARATORY SCHOOLS—WHICH WAS ACQUIRED IN 1954 FOR REBUILDING THE SCHOOL.

On February 13, 1832, The King's School, Parramatta, New South Wales, opened with six boarders and six day boys. Such was the beginning of the oldest Public School in Australia, which owes both its foundation and its name to William Grant Broughton, an old boy of King's School, Canterbury, and first Bishop of Australia. In his original plan of 1830 Broughton laid it down that The King's School was to be "of Royal foundation . . . and established with a view to the sole honour of Almighty God." Further, he made it clear that he wished it founded "upon terms as little exclusive as the very nature of the case would admit." To-day this old foundation is no longer confined to the main site, which houses a senior school of 390 boarders and 160 day boys, but it also embraces two preparatory schools. After a century and a quarter beside the Parramatta River, The King's



A CHARMING VISTA IN THE WOODED VALLEY, GOWAN BRAE, WHICH IS TO BE PRESERVED IN ITS NATURAL STATE WHEN THE NEW SCHOOL IS BUILT.

School is now about to have a new building. Plans have been prepared for a modern school to be built on Gowan Brae, a 368-acre property acquired in 1954 on the northern outskirts of Parramatta. A pleasant wooded valley lies below the new site, and in the distance beyond the rolling hills to the west rises the majestic scarp of the Blue Mountains. In its 126 years the school has been well served by its Headmasters. The first to be appointed, the Rev. Robert Forrest, was selected in England by the Secretary of State for the Colonies on the advice of that great classical scholar Charles Blomfield, then Bishop of London. Forrest held office from 1832 till his illness in 1839, and again from 1848 till his death in 1854. He was succeeded by the Rev. Frederick Armitage, appointed in 1854 by Dr. Barker, the new Bishop of Sydney. Up till 1860 the school flourished, but a number of causes

[Continued overleaf.]



# THE KING'S SCHOOL, PARRAMATTA, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA'S OLDEST PUBLIC SCHOOL—SPORT, AND SOME OF THE BUILDINGS.



A PRACTICE FOUR ON THE PARRAMATTA RIVER. THE JUNIORS ROW ON THE UPPER RIVER—THE SENIORS IN TIDAL WATER AT CABARITA.



CRICKET PRACTICE ON THE SCHOOL OVAL. CRICKET WAS INTRODUCED AT THE SCHOOL EARLY IN THE LAST CENTURY.



ONE OF THE TWO PREPARATORY SCHOOLS, PREVIOUSLY THE RESIDENCE OF THE SHIPPING MAGNATE, SIR JAMES BURNS.



A GAME OF RUGBY FOOTBALL ON THE SCHOOL OVAL IN PARRAMATTA NATIONAL PARK. THE GAME WAS INTRODUCED AT THE SCHOOL IN 1870.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, IN WHICH A CORPORATE CHORAL CELEBRATION—A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF SCHOOL LIFE—IS HELD MONTHLY.



RIFLE PRACTICE AT THE RANGE. THE SCHOOL CADET CORPS WON THE LORD MILNER TROPHY IN 1953.



ONE OF THE BOARDING-HOUSES: OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WHICH STANDS IN PARRAMATTA NATIONAL PARK AND DATES BACK TO 1800.



THE SWIMMING-BATH, BUILT BY PUPILS IN 1907. THE CLIMATE IS MILD ENOUGH TO ALLOW SWIMMING DURING NINE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.



THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSES, WHICH CAME INTO USE AS BOARDING-HOUSES IN 1934: A MODERN PART OF THE SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGHT.



MACARTHUR HOUSE, AN EARLY VICTORIAN COLONIAL RESIDENCE SITUATED A MILE FROM THE SCHOOL AND ACQUIRED AS A BOARDING-HOUSE IN 1911.



LEADERS IN THIS YEAR'S ANNUAL CROSS-COUNTRY RACE THROUGH PARRAMATTA PARK, IN WHICH THE WHOLE SCHOOL PARTICIPATES.

*Continued.*  
led to its decline and temporary closing while Armitage was on leave in England in 1864. It was one of Forrest's original pupils, the Rev. George Fairfowl Macarthur, who came to the aid of Bishop Barker in June 1868, renaming his private school, St. Mark's, as The King's School as soon as he was appointed Headmaster. In January 1869 he moved his boys back to Parramatta. During his long régime the reputation of the school was consolidated; the present custom of wearing corps uniform as everyday dress became established and competitive cricket and football began to be played against other schools. In 1885

a Synod-elected Council became the governing body, and in 1886 the Rev. Arthur St. John Gray succeeded the Rev. Macarthur. The foundation-stone of the Chapel was laid in 1887 and the building was consecrated in 1889 on the day on which Gray handed over to his successor, the Rev. Dr. Edward Harris. In his hands the school weathered the colonial financial crisis of the 'nineties while enhancing its reputation both in scholarship and Rugby football. From 1896 till 1906 the Rev. Arthur Champion continued the solid achievements of his predecessor. The next Headmaster, the

*[Continued overleaf.]*



## SCENES OF SCHOOL LIFE AT THE KING'S SCHOOL, PARRAMATTA.



HOUSE PRAYERS: THE HOUSEMASTER TAKING THE BRIEF EVENING SERVICE IN BROUGHTON HOUSE.



IN SCHOOL HOUSE FORREST PREP. ROOM: THE HOUSEMASTER HANDING OUT POCKET MONEY DURING EVENING PREPARATION.



PAINTING, MODERN SCULPTURE AND DRAWING: BOYS AT WORK DURING AN ART PERIOD FOR A CLASS OF THE MIDDLE SCHOOL.



A DANCING CLASS, WITH GIRLS FROM A NEARBY SCHOOL. REGULAR INSTRUCTION IN BALLROOM DANCING IS GIVEN DURING THE WINTER TERM.



PREPARING FOR CAREERS ON THE LAND: A FIFTH FORM WOOL-CLASSING GROUP IN PROGRESS.



AT THE END OF SENIOR LUNCH IN THE DINING HALL. THE BOYS DO THE SERVING AND EACH HOUSE HAS ITS OWN BLOCK OF TABLES.

*Continued.*  
Rev. Percival Stacy Waddy, was, like Macarthur, an old boy. The school owes to him the introduction of monthly Corporate Communion, the establishing of the house system—following his acquisition of Broughton and Macarthur Houses and of a lease of Old Government House, the fuller development of the Modern side of the curriculum and the introduction of the teaching of practical rural subjects for boys destined for land careers. Later, the Rev. Edward Morgan Baker became Headmaster, and did much for both the reputation and the finances of the school. As a War Memorial, the Chapel was extended and a tower added to it, while Thomas House at

Westmead was purchased in 1921 and School House remodelled in 1923. The establishment of a boat-shed at Cabarita, eight miles downstream, in 1921 led to the successful introduction of rowing. After the 1932 Centenary, the Rev. Baker retired. His successor, the Rev. C. T. Parkinson, resigned in 1938, and to him the school owes the erection, in 1934, of the two new School Houses, Baker and Forrest. The present Headmaster, Mr. H. D. Hake, took office in 1939. Under his leadership the school has expanded greatly, and he played a leading part in the acquisition of Gowan Brae, to which the School is shortly to move.

*Photographs by Douglas Baglin, St. Leonards, New South Wales.*



## PORTRAIT OF A PATRIOT KING.

"KING GEORGE VI—HIS LIFE AND REIGN." BY JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

FEW monarchs have come to the throne in such difficult circumstances as did King George VI. The abdication of his predecessor had been a sad end to high hopes long entertained, and the Monarchy had received a very damaging blow; indeed, as the author of this book reminds us, the situation was such that a prominent Conservative Member of Parliament gave it as his opinion that if the Whips had been off when the division was taken in the House of Commons no fewer than a hundred votes would have been cast in favour of the establishment of a republic. Nor was this all, for not only was King George VI *Roi malgré lui*, but so little had he been trained for the position that he told Lord Mountbatten he had never even seen a State paper. Yet when he died fifteen years later the throne had recovered all its lost prestige, and he was himself as deeply and sincerely mourned as any Sovereign in the nation's history.

That he achieved this result was in the main due to two factors; one was his transparent honesty and common sense, and the other was the asset which he possessed in his Queen. His marriage to an Earl's daughter had been universally popular as marking the return to the customs of a more generous age, and from that moment his bride secured a very special place in the nation's affections which stood both him and her in excellent stead when they were called to the throne so unexpectedly. With all his solid virtues, the late King's approach to strangers was somewhat hesitant, and the Queen was always singularly successful in eradicating any unfortunate impressions to which this weakness might from time to time give rise. She was a pillar of strength of which it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance.

Such is the story that Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has to tell in this volume, and it was wisely decided that he should deal with every aspect of the King's life instead of it being divided into the public and the private as was done in the case of King George V. In one respect the present author has had an easier task than Sir Harold Nicolson, for there was no serious constitutional crisis during the reign of King George VI as there had been in that of his father, and in consequence Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has not been led into fields where his touch might not have been so sure as that of Sir Harold Nicolson.

We are shown a man who, like most of his line, developed late, but who had certain fixed principles from which he could not be deflected. As the author rightly stresses:

He believed, as did his father, that the Crown must of necessity represent all that was most straightforward in the national character, that the Sovereign must set an example to his people of devotion to duty and service to the State, and that, in relation to his Ministers, he must closely adhere to—and never abandon—the three inalienable rights of the King in a constitutional monarchy: the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn.

It would appear from the evidence of these pages that Sir Winston Churchill kept the King better informed than did Mr. Neville Chamberlain. For instance, "no intimation of any kind" was given to him about the crisis in February 1938, when Mr. Eden resigned, or that the resignation of Mr. Hore-Belisha was pending in January 1940, so it is not surprising that he should have noted in his diary at the time of his visit to Mr. Roosevelt at Hyde Park, "Why don't my Ministers talk to me as the President did

tonight?" There is no such complaint about similar reticence once Sir Winston Churchill became Prime Minister, so we may assume that it did not exist, though rapid communication between Sovereign and Premier was not always easy at certain periods of the war, especially when one or the other of them was out of the country.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett well states the part played by the King in the war when he says:

Total war respects in its totality the monarch no more than the subject. To the people of Britain in their great ordeal the knowledge that their King and Queen shared their dangers and their privations, their losses and their sorrows, was a source of great comfort; and the King's oft-repeated, and quite patently sincere and indomitable, belief in ultimate victory, even in the darkest hour, not only provided a factor of inestimable value in maintaining national morale but established throughout the land a deep and unshakable loyalty to the monarchy, bred of love and admiration.

Hitler, it may be added, contributed in no small measure to this result when his aeroplanes bombed Buckingham Palace.

his reticence. It would, however, appear that he played some part in the appointment of Mr. Bevin to the Foreign Office, for when Mr. Attlee was called to form a Government, "I asked him," the King wrote in his diary, "whom he would make Foreign Secretary, and he suggested Dr. Hugh Dalton. I disagreed with him and said that Foreign Affairs was the most important subject at the moment and I

hoped he would make Mr. Bevin take it." This evidence would appear to be conclusive.

Nearly 300 pages of this book are devoted to the King's life before he came to the throne, and it is very noticeable how much he looked up to his elder brother, also how much he was under the influence of his father, who was indeed a formidable figure in the family circle. Like the Prince of Wales, "he, too, had chafed beneath the parental yoke, but not to the same degree or for the same reasons as his elder brother. He was, moreover, fundamentally his father's son in a way which King Edward never had been and never could be. The conflicts and vagaries of his relationship with the late King were of minor significance if set against the many tastes and characteristics which they shared in common." He learned by his own experience, and his attitude towards his own children was very different from that of his father towards him. On VE night he confided Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret to the care of a party of young officers, and allowed them to join in the crowds in Whitehall and the Mall. "Poor darlings," he noted, "they have never had any fun yet."

Like all his family, King George VI was very observant where irregularities in the matter of dress were concerned. Once King Peter of Yugoslavia came to call upon him wearing the uniform of the Royal Yugoslav Air Force, with a thin gold watch-chain threaded through the two upper pockets of the tunic. "Is that part of the uniform?" asked King George coldly. "No," replied King Peter. "Then take it off. It looks damned silly and damned sloppy."

In fine, King George VI was pre-eminently the right King at the right time. His lot did not fall in such spacious days as that of his grandfather, for which he would not have been suited. The great contribution which the throne made to the national life during his reign was to provide a symbol of stability and continuity in a revolutionary age, and just the right impression was made by the spectacle of its occupant doing his duty quietly and unostentatiously. On all sides there was a deplorable lack of unity; everywhere the leaders of public opinion were stressing what keeps men apart rather than what brings them together, but King George VI saw to it that the Crown was at once the emblem and the hope of a more sane state of affairs.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 666 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has written widely on contemporary history. Born in 1902 and educated at Malvern College, he published his first book in 1925. His latest, published in 1953, was "Nemesis of Power, the German Army in Politics, 1918-1945." Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has held lectureships at Virginia University and at Oxford, and he has served in a number of information and intelligence departments.



"PRE-EMINENTLY THE RIGHT KING AT THE RIGHT TIME": H.M. KING GEORGE VI —A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1950 WHEN HIS MAJESTY WAS FIFTY-FOUR.

Portrait study by Dorothy Wilding.

This photograph is not reproduced in the book under review.

On the other hand, the King's task in the Second World War, once the change of Government had taken place in 1940, was a great deal easier than his father's had been in the First. Not only was his Prime Minister in a much stronger position than Mr. Lloyd George, but the eternal wrangling between the politicians and the generals which had been so marked a feature of the earlier conflict was notable for its absence. King George V was constantly receiving complaints from Sir Douglas Haig and other commanders in the field which called for action on his part, but there is no hint in this book that his successor had a similar experience so we may assume that it was spared him.

Of the King's influence behind the scenes Mr. Wheeler-Bennett says little, and he is wise in

\* "King George VI—His Life and Reign." By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. Ltd.; 60s.)



# TO BE RE-CONSECRATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN: ST. CLEMENT DANES—BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED AS THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.



GIVEN BY MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE: THE ORGAN, WHICH WAS BUILT BY HARRISON AND HARRISON LTD., OF DURHAM, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RALPH DOWNES.



TO BE RE-CONSECRATED BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON OCTOBER 19: ST. CLEMENT DANES—THE INTERIOR SEEN FROM THE ORGAN LOFT.



TO BE USED IN THE CRYPT: THE GLASS ALTAR CROSS GIVEN BY A GROUP OF FRIENDS AND FORMER MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F., AND ENGRAVED BY MR. DAVID PEACE.



"THE ANNUNCIATION"—THE ALTAR-PIECE, PAINTED ON WOOD, BY MR. RUSKIN SPEAR, R.A. THE CHERUBS ABOVE ARE SAID TO BE BY GRINLING GIBBONS.



THE BADGE OF BOMBER COMMAND—ONE OF THE BADGES OF R.A.F. COMMANDS ATTACHED TO THE PIERS BENEATH THE GALLERY.



LOOKING AT SOME OF THE COFFIN PLAQUES PLACED ON THE CRYPT WALLS: THE VENERABLE A. S. GILES, CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF OF THE R.A.F., AND PRIEST IN CHARGE OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, AND MR. W. A. S. LLOYD, THE ARCHITECT IN CHARGE OF THE RESTORATION.



THE CRYPT, WHICH IS NOW A CHAPEL BUT WAS USED AS A BURIAL PLACE FOR 284 YEARS, UNTIL 1853. THE FONT IS THE GIFT OF THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE, AND THE ALTAR AND SANCTUARY WERE GIVEN BY THE ROYAL NETHERLANDS AIR FORCE.

On the morning of October 19 the Sanctus, the sole survivor of the "Oranges and lemons" bells hanging in the steeple when the church was bombed in 1941, will ring out three times to proclaim to the world outside that St. Clement Danes in the Strand has been re-consecrated. This famous London church has now been beautifully restored as the Central Church of the Royal Air Force, and the Queen and other members of the Royal family are to attend

the service of re-consecration. This service will mark the end of four years' work devoted to rebuilding the church as closely as possible to Christopher Wren's original design. It will also mark the beginning of a new era in the history of the church, which will now serve as a perpetual Shrine of R.A.F. Remembrance and as the active Central Church of the Royal Air Force. Glass-enclosed cases under the windows at the sides of the church will contain the





THE MAGNIFICENT FOCAL POINT OF THE CHURCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: THE HIGH ALTAR AND CHANCEL OF ST. CLEMENT DANES. THE RESTORED GRINLING GIBBONS PULPIT IS SEEN ON THE LEFT AND THE LECTERN GIVEN BY THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE ON THE RIGHT. THE THREE EAST STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS ARE THE WORK OF MR. CARL EDWARDS.

ten volumes which constitute a complete Roll of Honour with the names of 125,000 men and women who died on active service with the R.A.F., the W.R.A.F. and associated women's services. Inlaid in the Portland stone floor of the church are 735 badges of R.A.F. units all over the world, carved in Welsh slate. The badges of the R.A.F. Commands are attached to the piers beneath the gallery, and incorporated in the wonderful plasterwork above

the arches are the crests of the dioceses where R.A.F. units are stationed. Inlaid in the floor beneath the organ gallery, and designed by Mr. Lloyd, the architect in charge of the restoration, is a large R.A.F. crest, and above the entrance is the coat of arms of the late Viscount Trenchard, "Father of the R.A.F." The boys in St. Clement Danes' choir, which will be singing from the organ loft, will be drawn from the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund's School at Blackheath.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



I IMAGINE that in the eighteenth century as to-day, most people were content to buy furniture off the peg, as it were, rather than have it made to a particular pattern of their own. Occasionally one comes across a piece which has pretty obviously been designed for a very special purpose—a knee-hole desk, for example, with I forget how many small drawers on each pedestal instead of the normal three, apparently made to contain coins or other small objects. I am not counting furniture designed and ordered by an architect of the calibre of Robert Adam, to whom clients would give a free hand and who would take pains to see that everything from attic to hearth was in harmony. I am thinking of more personal individual pieces. Not so many have come my way, but among them I must include the combined writing and toilet table of Figs. 2 and 3 which was seen in a London sale room in July. It is a little difficult to explain succinctly, but the photographs help. It is of satinwood, cross-banded with purple heart and tulipwood, and contains what, for want of a better phrase, were described as two jack-in-the-boxes. One of them—Fig. 3—is fitted with toilet bottles in glass and ivory, boxes and trays. When not in use this sinks down out of sight, and a similar jack-in-the-box can be raised up containing small drawers and pigeon-holes.

The last years of the eighteenth century witnessed some remarkably neat and ingenious mechanical designs of this character, both in Paris and London, but this little table—it is only 2 ft. 1 in. in width—seems to be in a class apart. Its first owner was Lord Macartney (1737-1806), who was our Ambassador at St. Petersburg in 1764-67, and is remembered best for his mission to China in 1792, when the Emperor Ch'ien Lung expressed his thanks for the tribute sent by the

Perhaps the other pieces are not quite made to measure in the sense used above—but they were made for a special occasion and remain to-day



FIG. 1. MADE FOR STONE-LEIGH ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE, ON THE OCCASION OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT IN 1858: A FIRE-SCREEN BY WILLIAM KENDALL, OF WARWICK.

where they were placed on their arrival. This occasion was of considerable local interest and attracted the attention of *The Illustrated London News* a hundred years ago, when it was reported by an anonymous colleague of mine in a lively but arch style which gives it as much a period flavour as the fire-screen illustrated. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort paid the then Lord and Lady Leigh a visit at Stoneleigh Abbey, near Coventry, in June 1858. The house and grounds, like so many great houses all over the country,

are to-day open to the public from May to October, and the suite prepared for her Majesty remains as it was then, including the set of Chippendale chairs specially painted white and gold. Thanks to the keen eye of Lord Leigh's sister, Georgina, who kept a lengthy diary of the visit, a good deal is known about it, including the tips left by the Queen on her departure—£100 to be distributed among the household servants and £50 for the stable department. The diary concludes: "So ends my account of the three eventful days at Stoneleigh, and I trust all true-hearted Warwickshire folk will respond to the sentiment, that their county is become, if possible, dearer

to them since its soil has been trodden, its beauties visited and its scenery admired by the beloved Sovereign of these Realms, Victoria the Great and Good, 'the model woman.'"

There were receptions, there were decorous junketings: the Mayor of Birmingham was knighted and is alleged to have asked his admiring friends to note that he had had his robes of office lined with vermin. I now hand over to my anonymous colleague: "From Coventry to Stoneleigh Abbey the distance is somewhere about four miles, along a beautiful country road, with corn fields and golden meadows on each side, great old oaks and elms at the corners and turnings, and pleasant little country cottages, whose inhabitants in their best crowded round the doors, or peeped in twos and threes from latticed windows. Here and there along the hedgerows stood many a market cart which Gainsborough would have stopped to copy, filled with sturdy peasants, who beguiled the time by laughing at everything that passed, and interstitially filling their capacious mouths with home-made bread and cheese. The farmers were on horseback in numerous squadrons, on steeds of varied colour and stature, but of a pervading sobriety of demeanour—all looking as if they had just arrived from Mr. Rarey's Academy; and large wagons had been temporarily thatched with straw and made the snuggest nests possible for the blooming nymphs, who were packed as nymphs only could be packed in regions where crinoline was not."

The fire-screen (Fig. 1), together with a sideboard, also at Stoneleigh, is by William Kendall, of Warwick, which, for a dozen years from 1848, was the centre of a very lively and, for a time, prosperous school of woodcarvers, who were famed for their elaborate naturalism. This screen is innocuous enough, indeed it is rather an engaging piece, providing no indication of the extraordinary lengths to which the Warwick craftsmen could go. For that revelation see the so-called Kenilworth buffet at Warwick Castle, the sideboard made by William Cookes for Alscot Park in



FIG. 2. WITH THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX CONTAINING SMALL DRAWERS AND PIGEON-HOLES IN USE: A LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MECHANICAL WRITING AND TOILET TABLE MADE FOR THE 1ST EARL MACARTNEY. (Width, 2 ft. 1 in.; height, 2 ft. 4 ins.) (Sotheby's.)

envoy's master, George III, but was at pains to point out that his people had nothing to learn from the West. It is not often that one can connect so unusual a piece of furniture with a particular person, and supposing, as seems reasonable, that this very charming little table was made to its first owner's special order, I like to think of him consulting one of the good furniture-makers of the day and explaining what he had in mind. Having persuaded myself that this is what happened, I now await letters from half a dozen readers who have inherited identical jack-in-the-box tables, which would, of course, prove convincingly enough that the thing was a fairly



FIG. 3. IN USE AS A TOILET TABLE; THE MECHANICAL TABLE WITH ITS SECOND JACK-IN-THE-BOX SHOWING. THIS PIECE, WHICH IS AMONG THOSE "MADE TO MEASURE," DISCUSSED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS, WAS SOLD AT SOTHEY'S IN JULY. (Sotheby's.)

1853, and the sideboard at Charlecote Park made in 1858 by Willcox, to whom Kendall had been apprenticed. I must admit that I find neither the extravagancies nor the normalities of the mid-nineteenth century particularly interesting, but as time marches on and more and more research is carried out into what really were the styles of the period, something worth while may emerge. Anyway, it is clear enough that we are destined to be treated to a great deal of propaganda (by no means all of it insincere) during the next few years, designed to make us admire most things Victorian from waxed fruit to St. Pancras Station, so we might as well try and judge for ourselves.



DRAWINGS BY SIR DAVID  
WILKIE: AT THE DIPLOMA  
GALLERY EXHIBITION.



"QUEEN VICTORIA": A STUDY FOR "THE FIRST COUNCIL OF QUEEN VICTORIA, 1837" WHICH IS ALSO IN THE EXHIBITION. (Pencil, red chalk and water- and body-colour: 11½ by 7½ ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



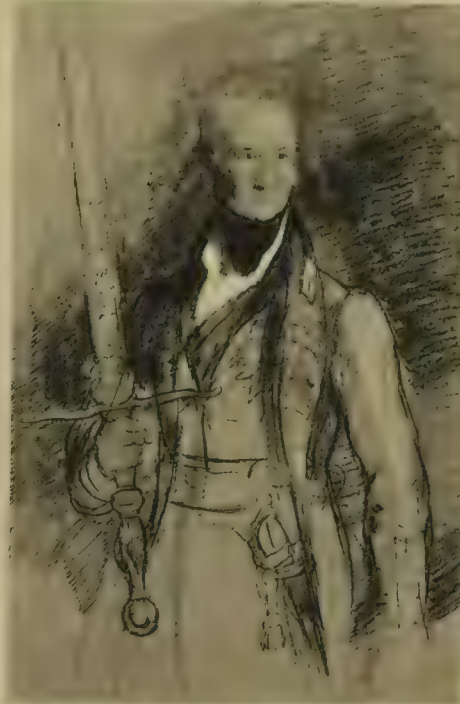
"THE DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL WALKER IN TURKISH DRESS": A DRAWING MADE IN CONSTANTINOPLE IN DECEMBER 1840. (Water-colour and black chalk: 15½ by 11½ ins.) (Fitzwilliam Museum.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SISTER": A DRAWING OF 1833. WILKIE OFTEN PAINTED HELEN, HIS ONLY SISTER. (Water-colour over black chalk: 18½ by 13½ ins.) (Ashmolean Museum.)



"A WOMAN TIRING HER HAIR": A FIGURE OF WHICH WILKIE MADE MANY SKETCHES. (Red and black chalk: 13½ by 10½ ins.) (Ashmolean Museum.)



"THE EARL OF MORTON CARRYING THE SWORD OF STATE": DRAWN IN 1824. (Black and red chalk with water-colour: 19½ by 14½ ins.) (Ashmolean Museum.)



"STUDIES OF A HIGHLAND BOATMAN, AND A HAND HOLDING A LANTERN": A STUDY FOR "MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ESCAPING FROM LOCH LEVEN CASTLE," PAINTED IN 1837. (Black chalk and pen, touched with white: 15½ by 11½ ins.) (Sir Bruce Ingram.)



"THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH": A SUPERB PORTRAIT DRAWING OF 1819. (Black and red chalk: 11 by 8 ins.) (Dr. and Mrs. I. R. C. Batchelor.)



"A NEGRO WITH A TRAY OF GLASSES": DATED 1836, AND A STUDY FOR "JOSEPHINE AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER." (Water-colour: 17 by 13½ ins.) (The Duke of Buccleuch.)



"WASHINGTON IRVING": A PORTRAIT DRAWN IN SEVILLE, AND INSCRIBED AND DATED BY THE SITTER. (Water-colour: 14½ by 10½ ins.) (Sir John Murray.)

The Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. (1785-1841), which was first shown at the National Gallery of Scotland during the Edinburgh Festival, is now to be seen in the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy, where it will remain on view until December 10. In our issue of August 23 we reproduced a selection of paintings from the exhibition, while here nine of the drawings are shown. In 1821 Theodore Géricault wrote of Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of

Waterloo"; "with much feeling he has varied all his characters!" This gift for expressive characterisation is especially evident in Wilkie's drawings. With the greatest economy he indicates a mood and a personality. This he also succeeds in doing in his large formal portraits, such as "William IV" and "The Earl of Kellie." An outstanding example of Wilkie's cabinet-size portraits, that of Lady Mary Fitzgerald (mentioned in Mr. John Woodward's catalogue introduction), is in Messrs. Leggatt's current loan exhibition.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



**B**EAVERS are rodents. Therefore they are members of one of the most successful orders of animals, which are not only numerically strong but include such resourceful kinds as the brown rat. A number of rodents have taken to living in water, but none has done this so completely and wholeheartedly as the beaver. It has done something more. It has acquired the ability to change the environment to its own need, which is something often proclaimed as marking one of the biggest differences between animals and ourselves. For beavers are fundamentally pond-dwellers, but they convert rivers into ponds to suit their own needs. They dam rivers to this end, and they do it so skilfully that much has been written in praise of their intelligence. More recent studies tend to see their engineering works as the outcome of an instinct, and no more.

### A BEAVER RIDDLE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

and thus makes it more able to resist the horizontal forces.

A beaver is conscious of current and instinctively builds where water is flowing. It will always attempt to stop the current first. Therefore it starts the dam in the middle of the stream. This causes the water to flow round the ends of the first part of the dam. As these ends are plastered up, the swollen waters upstream of the growing dam rise sufficiently to overflow elsewhere, either at the ends or over the top, or both. So the beavers keep raising the height of the dam and pushing brushwood into the gaps at the ends, all

the time working in the current. Each fresh sapling or piece of brush added at the ends will not project through as far as the previous piece, and as a result the dam curves on either side, with the bottom of the loop at the deepest part of the channel.

This view is to some extent supported by the actions of a beaver family in New York State. A pond had been formed where stones and cement rubbish had effectively dammed a stream.

the centre. The sticks were plastered with mud, but the pattern of the construction was different above and below the original water-line of the pond.

The floor of the central chamber was more or less level with this water-line. From this floor down to the base of the lodge, the mud plastering extended throughout, from the centre of the lodge to its outer surface. Above the chamber, the mud packing stopped a foot short of the apex of the lodge and the sticks at the centre also were free of it, leaving a vertical ventilating shaft from the top of the chamber to the top of the lodge.

Whether instinct is still the guide, or an awareness of need, is a matter for debate. One thing is clear, that just as there was a change of method from the dam to the foundations of the lodge, so there has come a change of method as soon as the beavers found themselves building above the waterline. The result is the formation of the ventilation shaft.

The evidence from Mr. MacFarlane's notes, his detailed drawings and his photographs support his suggestion that the lodge is built first and subsequently the central chamber and the bolt-holes are excavated. It would take too long to enter into the details here, and, indeed, the whole subject of the beaver and its engineering works would take very much more than this page to do justice to the subject. The main objective here is to present reasoned arguments in favour of the supposedly intelligent works of the beaver being the result of instinct, that is, of inherited behaviour patterns.

In order to avoid an appearance of partiality, however, the following remarks should be included. Beavers are said to mate for life. A lodge is built and occupied by the two parents who in due course share it with the litters of the current year and the previous year. On an average, there are twelve beavers in a lodge; twelve to repair the dam, of which ten are youngsters, each spending



MADE OF STICKS PACKED WITH MUD: THE BEAVER LODGE AFTER THE POND WAS DRAINED. IT IS 8 FT. HIGH AND 24 FT. IN DIAMETER AT THE BASE.

The usual pattern seems to be a main dam, with up to half a dozen smaller dams downstream of it. The water piling up behind the main dam overflows the banks and spreads to make the beaver pond, a sheet of water within which the house or lodge is built. Upstream of the lodge is another small dam. The dams, and particularly the main one, are kept in a constant state of repair. And all this is directed to two ends, apparently, to give underwater escape routes from the lodge, should the entry of a predator necessitate a speedy withdrawal, and to allow for a store of branches to be laid by underwater for the winter feed.

Mr. C. T. MacFarlane, himself an engineer, and charged with the work of clearing a beaver pond for the laying of a landing strip for the air base at New Brunswick, Canada, has sent notes of a dissection of a dam. The rampart holding back the water arched downstream. The saplings holding the rest of the materials in position were placed butt downstream, their bases digging into the mud. Here and there a large granite block had been added to give stability. The upstream face was a mass of mud and sods, with a slope of one-in-one.

MacFarlane sought in his notes to reconstruct the scene. Beavers fell the poplars, alders and willows upstream of the dam. Since the butt is nearest the beaver's jaws when a sapling falls, it would be natural for the animal to drag it, and float it down by this end. The butt, digging into the mud at the appropriate site, leaving the branches pointing upstream, gives, from an engineering point of view, the finest support.

The one-in-one slope of mud, with which the branches are faced on the upstream side, is also the most efficient slope mechanically. The suggestion is made that the beaver carrying mud and leaves to pack this with would drop, say, one-third as it approached the spot where it was going to lay its load. As the ramp grows, the loss of part of each load on the way would naturally give in the end this one-in-one slope, which has great rigidity since the weight of the water directly above this slope helps to pack the dam down,

The beavers took up residence, and although the dam was perfectly sound, they spent much time each day "repairing" it.

When this main dam had been breached and the beaver pond drained, MacFarlane and his colleagues examined the lodge, as the archaeologist would an ancient site. They dug a trench into it and examined it layer by layer. The lodge was 8 ft. high and 24 ft. in diameter at the base. The channel of the main stream ran past it to one side and there was a series of more shallow channels circling the base and radiating from it. All around the lodge, now left high and dry by the draining of the pond, were peeled poplar branches, the remains of the winter feed, in places piled to a depth of 2 ft.

There were eight entrances to the lodge, two being below the surface of the main brook, up to a foot in diameter, and the tunnels leading from them into the lodge sloped upwards to the single central chamber. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the construction of the lodge was that although, with the exception of the rocks, the same materials were used as in making the dam, the construction was different. The sticks were laid more horizontally and radiating from



THE BEAVER LODGE "DISSECTED"—SHOWING THE CENTRAL CHAMBER WITH ITS VENTILATION SHAFT RUNNING TO THE TOP OF THE LODGE.

Photographs reproduced by kind permission of Mr. C. T. MacFarlane.

two years with the parents, assisting them in their work. Here, then, is the possibility of a simple form of culture, in which the young can learn from older brothers and sisters and from the parents.

Against this we have the observation that the beavers of the Rhône Valley have, since the Middle Ages, and under the stress of persecution, given up building lodges and dams and burrowed into the river bank. Now that they are protected by law they have started once again to make lodges and dams. This looks as if the building is due to an instinct, which can be suppressed by fear. This may be the truth, but it may also be true that the instinct is reinforced by some learning by example.



# SOME NOTABLE PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE BISHOP OF RIPON TO RETIRE :  
DR. G. A. CHASE.

The Bishop of Ripon, Dr. G. A. Chase, announced at his diocesan conference on October 7 that he would be retiring at Easter. Dr. Chase, who is seventy-two, became Bishop of Ripon in 1946. From 1919 to 1934 he was Fellow and Dean of Trinity Hall, and from 1934 to 1946 Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, of which he is still a Fellow.



A DISTINGUISHED ARMY CAREER : THE  
LATE GENERAL BURNETT-STUART.

General Sir John Burnett-Stuart, who held important appointments in the Army during the First World War and afterwards, and who was at one time a candidate for the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff, died, aged eighty-three, on October 6. He also played a part in the development of mechanised forces.



A GREAT FRENCH PAINTER : THE  
LATE M. MAURICE DE VLAMINCK.

M. Maurice de Vlaminck, who died on October 11 at the age of 82, was one of the outstanding French artists of this century. He was born in Paris, where, after starting life as a racing cyclist and a café violinist, he came to devote his great energies to painting. The influence of Van Gogh and of his own Flemish antecedents shaped his work. After a close association with the Fauves, he branched out on his own, painting his dramatic landscapes until the end.



A QUEEN'S ARCHIVES APPOINTMENT :  
MR. R. C. MACKWORTH-YOUNG.

The Queen has appointed Mr. R. C. Mackworth-Young to be Librarian and Assistant Keeper of the Queen's Archives, in succession to Sir Owen Morshead, who has retired. The appointment was announced on September 30. Sir Owen Morshead has now been appointed Librarian Emeritus to her Majesty the Queen.



THE HEADMASTER OF THE KING'S  
SCHOOL, PARRAMATTA NEW SOUTH  
WALES : MR. H. D. HAKE.

Mr. H. D. Hake became Headmaster of The King's School, Parramatta, which is illustrated on pages 647 to 650 of this issue, in 1939. He was Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference of Australia from 1951-54, and after serving in World War I, taught at Haileybury and St. John's College, Johannesburg.



(Left.)  
CHELSEA ART  
SCHOOL'S PRINCIPAL-  
DESIGNATE : PROFES-  
SOR L. GOWING.

Professor Lawrence Burnett Gowing, the painter and writer on art, who has been Professor of Fine Art at Durham University and Principal of King Edward VII School of Art, Newcastle upon Tyne, since 1948, is the Principal-designate of the new Chelsea Art School to be built by the L.C.C. next year.



VISITING BRITAIN : MR. NORDMEYER,  
NEW ZEALAND MINISTER OF  
FINANCE.

The New Zealand Minister of Finance, Mr. A. H. Nordmeyer, arrived in London recently at the beginning of a visit in Great Britain which was to last about two weeks. Mr. Nordmeyer arrived in England from Canada, where he had been taking part in the Commonwealth Economic Conference in Montreal.



A VATICAN APPOINTMENT :  
CARDINAL ALOISI MASELLA.

On October 9 the fifteen Cardinals present in Rome elected Cardinal Aloisi Masella to the office of Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church, an appointment left vacant by Pope Pius XII. It is the Chamberlain's duty to supervise the administration of Church affairs until the new Pope takes over. The Papal election begins on October 25.

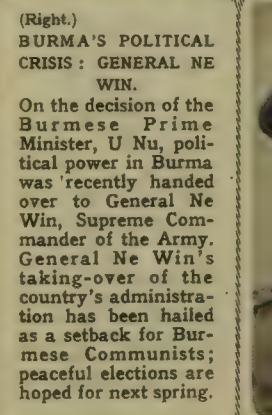
(Right.)

A NOTED PERSON-  
ALITY : THE LATE  
VISCOUNTESS MILNER.  
Viscountess Milner, formerly editor of the *National Review* and a noted talker and hostess, died aged 86 on Oct. 10. Her first husband, Lord Edward Cecil, died in 1919, and her marriage to Lord Milner took place two years later. On the *National Review*, she was noted for vigorous, sometimes unorthodox, Conservatism.



(Left.)  
A CYPRUS APPOINT-  
MENT : MAJOR-GEN.  
K. T. DARLING.

Major-General K. T. Darling is to take over from Major-General Kendrew as Director of Military Operations in Cyprus, it was announced recently. Commissioned in 1929, General Darling served in North-West Europe from 1944 to 1945 and after the Second World War held a number of appointments with the airborne forces.



(Right.)  
BURMA'S POLITICAL  
CRISIS : GENERAL NE  
WIN.

On the decision of the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu, political power in Burma was recently handed over to General Ne Win, Supreme Commander of the Army. General Ne Win's taking-over of the country's administration has been hailed as a setback for Burmese Communists; peaceful elections are hoped for next spring.



A MISTAKE CORRECTED :  
SIR PELHAM WARNER.

Sir Pelham Warner, the famous cricketer and writer on cricket, celebrated his 85th birthday on October 2. By a most unfortunate error in the feature on Rugby School (where he was educated and played in the XI from 1889 to 1892) in our issue of October 11, we referred to Sir Pelham as "the late." We take this opportunity of apologising and wishing him the best of good health.



A NOTED MEMBER OF PARLIA-  
MENT DIES : SIR HENRY CHANNON.  
Sir Henry Channon, Conservative M.P. for the West Division of Southend, died aged sixty-one on October 8. In the last General Election he had a substantial majority. Of an Anglo-American family he was educated at Oxford. He succeeded his mother-in-law, Lady Iveagh, as M.P. for Southend in 1935. Before entering politics he was an author.



A CAMBRIDGE CENTENARIAN :  
THE LATE MR. CECIL WARBURTON.  
Mr. Cecil Warburton, the entomologist, died at Grantchester on October 7, at the age of 104. After a time as a schoolmaster he went up to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1886. He played chess for the University against Oxford. He came to hold a variety of appointments as a zoologist and entomologist at Cambridge, where he lectured for many years.



AN EMINENT ART HISTORIAN : THE  
LATE DR. MAX FRIEDLANDER.

Professor Dr. Max Friedländer, who died in Amsterdam on Oct. 11, aged 91, ranks high among the greatest art historians for his outstanding work on Flemish painting. Born in Berlin, he became Director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. Dismissed by the Nazis in 1933, he settled in the Netherlands.

(Photograph by courtesy of Bruno Cassirer, Ltd.)



A PRESIDENT OF THE N.F.U. :  
THE LATE MR. S. O. RATCLIFF.  
Mr. Stanley Ratcliff, Honorary Treasurer of the National Farmers' Union and a former President, died aged 81. He had farmed on a large scale in Essex and was a pioneer of chemical weed control and sugar-beet growing in this country. He assisted in the foundation of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers and the planning of Agriculture House.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



## THE LOSS—ALMOST—OF A TREASURED SPUD

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IT must have been some forty years ago that I was given a few tubers of a very rare potato. Its name was "China Orange"

and it was rare, not because it was brand new, and only just on the market. On the contrary, it was probably the oldest variety of spud in cultivation, and had become rare only because it

In shape the tubers are roundish, from about the size of one's fist downwards, and they are afflicted by the unforgivable sin, according to modern standards, of extremely deep-set eyes. The eyes lie at the bottoms of deep, steep dimples, which make peeling a tedious and almost hopeless task. One of the chief aims of potato-breeders has always been to produce perfectly smooth spuds, so that they might be peeled easily, and without wasteful digging-out of eyes. The flesh of "China Orange," although yellowish-white, is not as golden as its name suggests, and it is irregularly clouded with tinges of pink. I can not say that the flavour of "China Orange" is outstandingly distinctive and delicious, but it certainly has more character than the majority of heavy-cropping bland-faced modern varieties. It is best when roasted in its jacket, or, as the French say, "*en chemise*," but it is excellent, too, when roasted whole, in its skin, in the outpourings round a joint. In fact, I think that is the best way of all with "China Orange."

Until last year I have grown this interesting old

potato each season, partly because my family enjoyed it, as a change, but largely for the interest of its history and antiquity. But I had never thought it worth while raising it in large quantity. But last year disaster, or near disaster, befell my old friend. For some reason or other I had planted rather less than usual, with the result that when the crop was lifted, it amounted to only a small boxful—a box measuring about 18 ins. each way, which was stored, with its precious contents, in an outhouse adjoining the kitchen. One morning, to my horror, I found the whole of my store of "China Orange" had disappeared. My wife suggested that rats were the culprits, but I felt, and still feel, sure that it was not rats but a "rat." True that the outhouse had been infested by rats on several occasions in the past, but since the advent of myxomatosis we had not had a single infestation.

With the almost total extinction of rabbits, our local fox population has been driven to living upon every rat they can beat up. When, in the past, rats have raided potatoes stored in the outhouse, they have always given themselves away by leaving a number of gnawed and half-eaten potatoes lying about, thus enabling me to take steps for their rapid extermination. But with "China Orange" it was different. The whole lot was cleared, absolutely and entirely, with no gnawed debris to convict the culprits. I searched the terrain most carefully, hoping to find at least one precious "China Orange" with which to carry on the dynasty of over a hundred years' standing. To my great relief I discovered one minute spud, no larger than an average marrowfat pea. This I have grown with scrupulous care this summer in a big pot of soil, and I now have a stock of three tubers, all of them pathetically small, but still the nucleus, I hope, from which I may yet work up a useful stock of this interesting if perhaps not really important antique.

I can not help feeling, however, that "China Orange" potato must have some hidden virtue about it, to have survived all these years in cultivation in spite of being probably the ugliest variety that could be imagined, for when one looks at those huge exhibits of vegetables

put up at the big flower shows by the big seed firms, it is surprising how decorative many of the widely-varied types of potato are. Big ones and little ones, white, cream and golden-skinned, deep, glossy crimson spuds, round, oval and long, thin, sausage-shaped ones. Many of them must, I think, be grown by the big firms almost solely for exhibition purposes, but I can not imagine any firm growing and exhibiting my old friend "China Orange" among all those smooth-faced glossy beauty queens of the potato world.

A happy thought strikes me. At odd times in the past I have given small lots of "China Orange" to friends and correspondents who expressed interest in the variety. Is it possible that there exists any gardener among them who, being as slightly crazy as myself in such matters, continued to grow, and still continues to grow, this ugly duckling of the spud world?



"SMOOTH-FACED GLOSSY BEAUTY QUEENS" OF THE SHOW BENCH: POTATOES OF THE VARIETY "DR. McINTOSH."  
Photograph by J. E. Downward.

had long since been superseded by many hundreds of newer kinds of every shape, size, colour, and superiority—or otherwise.

My first tubers of "China Orange" were given to me by an old lady, whose smallish garden was full to overflowing with shrubs, flowers and bulbs, some of them rare, some common, but every one possessed of the sort of charm and beauty which in the quietest way appealed most strongly to me. It was the sort of garden in which you could feel perfectly safe from meeting "Dorothy Perkins" or the rose "Peace."

My old friend must have been about eighty, and she had known the "China Orange" since she was a child. In fact, she told me that when she was a little girl it was considered the last word in excellence, in her family and West Country part of the world at any rate, and she had grown it, year after year, ever since she had had a house and garden of her own. I felt it, therefore, a great honour when my old friend presented me with a working nucleus of "seed" tubers of "China Orange" to grow in my own garden. It was a token that she realised that I appreciated the same kinds of plants, vegetables and flowers that she loved, and for much the same reasons.

But let me try to describe the "China Orange" potato. It is the sort of spud that the average gardener, greengrocer or potato expert would dismiss at sight as a horrible monstrosity. He might perhaps feed it to his pigs if he was in the habit of treating them rough. If he loved his pigs dearly, and was inclined to pamper them, I could imagine his hesitating to feed "China Orange" to them.



AND "THE UGLY DUCKLING OF THE SPUD WORLD": "CHINA ORANGE," ONE OF THE OLDEST-KNOWN VARIETIES OF POTATO, AND THE SUBJECT OF AN APPEAL BY MR. ELLIOTT.

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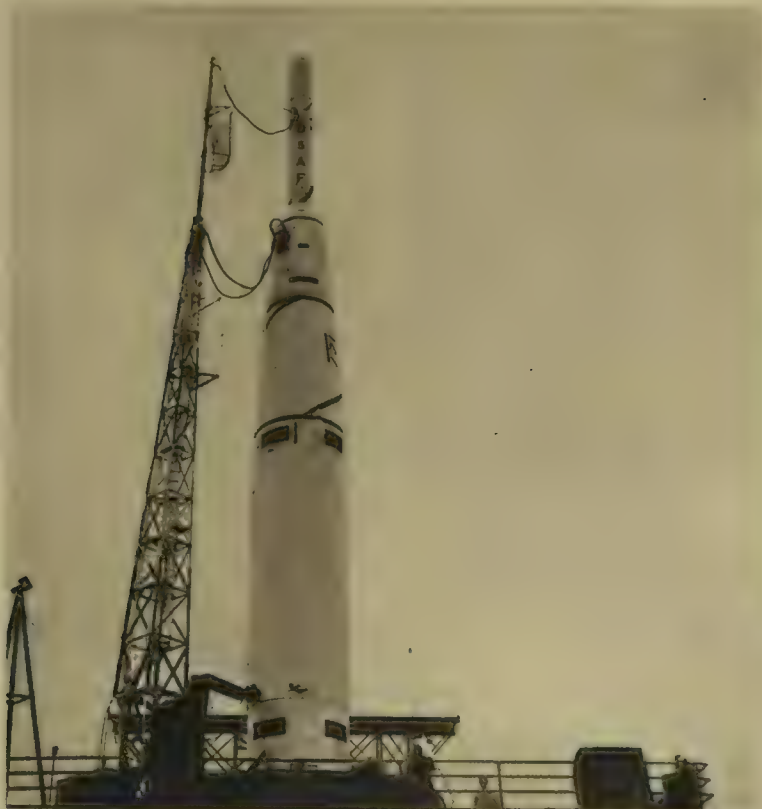
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## 79,212 MILES TO THE MOON: THE U.S.A.F.'s "PIONEER'S" FLIGHT INTO OUTER SPACE.



COMPLETE AND ASSEMBLED: THE ELEMENTS OF "PIONEER"—(FROM THE BASE), A THOR BALLISTIC MISSILE, A MODIFIED VANGUARD; AND THE APEX.



4.42 EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME, OCTOBER 11, 1958: THE HISTORIC DATE AND TIME AS "PIONEER" BEGAN ITS SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT OUTSIDE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.



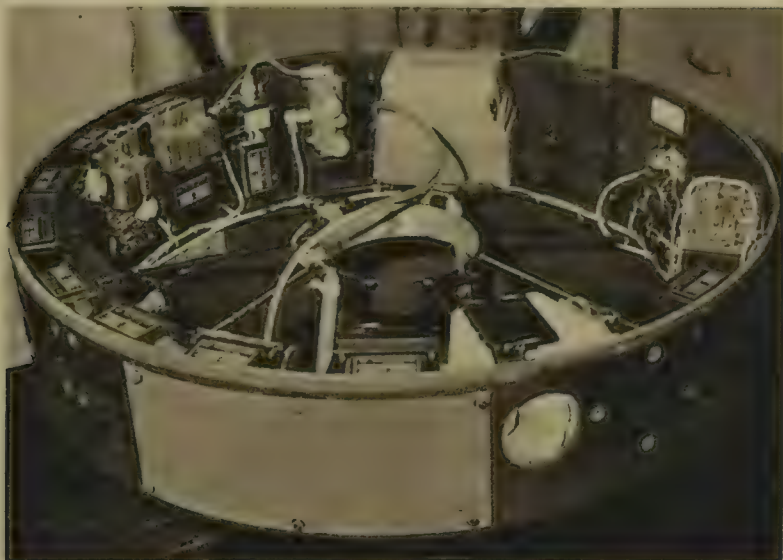
ASSEMBLING THE VEHICLE. IN THE BACKGROUND, ON THE LAUNCHING PAD, STANDS THE THOR MISSILE; IN THE FOREGROUND THE SECOND STAGE, A VANGUARD ROCKET, IS BEING LIFTED FROM ITS CARRIER.



THE NEXT STAGE IN ASSEMBLY: THE VANGUARD UNIT, HAVING BEEN RAISED INTO THE AIR, IS HERE BEING LOWERED INTO PLACE ON THE TOP OF THE THOR.



NEARING THE END: FITTING THE SMALL VERNIER ROCKETS TO THE BASE OF THE POLISHED RETRO-ROCKET, WHICH SERVED AS AN AXIS FOR THE SATELLITE.



THE SATELLITE ITSELF: A VIEW INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE 29-IN.-DIAMETER TERMINAL VEHICLE. MOST OF THE SMALL HOLES ARE FOR PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS.



ALMOST READY, THE TOP-SHAPED "PIONEER" HAS BEEN LOWERED AROUND THE POLISHED RETRO-ROCKET WHICH SERVED AS ITS AXIS. THE CASE WEIGHED 39.6 LB.

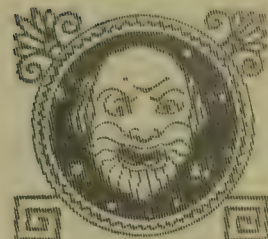
Before dawn on October 11 the U.S. Air Force successfully launched "Pioneer" and propelled the final stage far outside the earth's atmosphere. Thousands of people had gathered in the neighbourhood of Cape Canaveral, Florida, for what they rightly judged would be a historic occasion. The Thor missile carried the whole assembly about fifty miles up, when the second stage, the Vanguard, fired; the final stage, a solid propellant rocket made by the Alleghany Ballistic Laboratory, then took the satellite on its flight towards the moon at a speed which reached the maximum of 34,400 ft per second. The final push into outer space was

given by the eight small vernier rockets; and the satellite reached a maximum height of 79,212 miles. It was not possible to fire the retro-rocket; and after a flight of about 44 hours, during which its radio signals were heard continuously at either Jodrell Bank or Hawaii, it re-entered the earth's atmosphere in the South Pacific region during the night of October 12/13. A slight error in the angle of firing prevented its reaching the moon, as earth gravity retarded its earlier speed. The height reached was more than 27 times any previously achieved; and although not fully successful, this "lunar probe" is an astonishing achievement.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### COMPROMISING SITUATIONS

By ALAN DENT.

AND never have I seen so many in three consecutive films! Yet in all three cases I found the scenic background altogether more fascinating than the various compromising situations in which the human beings kept finding themselves.

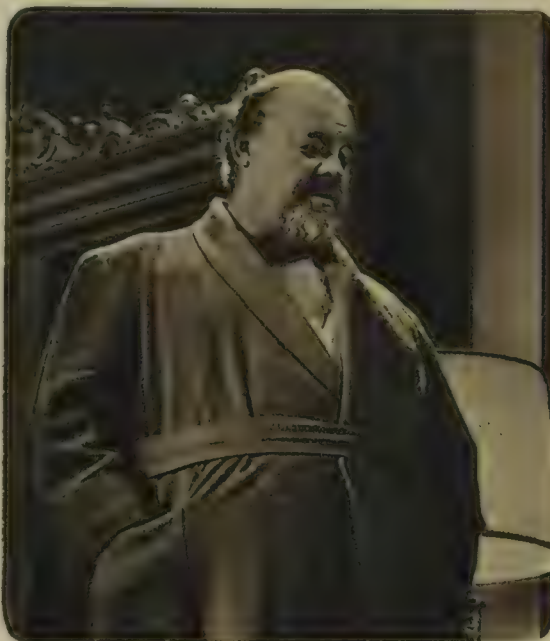
In "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" we are—or are supposed to be—in Louisiana, on the delta of the Mississippi. In "God's Little Acre" we are just as deep in the heart of Georgia as we seemed to be in that unforgettably squalid epic, "Tobacco Road." And in "Passionate Summer"—the most convincing film of the three in this matter of background if in nothing else—we are indubitably in Jamaica all the time (except for a brief and comparatively unconvincing air-trip to Rio de Janeiro and back). We do get around.

Why Rio? Because the heroine is a pretty air-hostess (Virginia McKenna) who is—as was probably said of the first air-hostess in history—a very flighty girl. She has recently attempted suicide because Louis, her Frenchman-lover (Carl Mohner), threatened to return to his wife. This Judy literally falls into this film, because a plane in which she is joy-riding with another man-friend crashes and throws her into a tree, not much hurt; and she is thence extricated by Douglas, a hefty and amiably morose young school-master (Bill Travers). This arrival from the skies looks for a time like solving Douglas's problems. For he falls in love with Judy and thus has some reason to escape occasionally from his country schoolhouse where he is plagued by the unwanted attentions of his headmaster's wife (Yvonne Mitchell) and pestered by the malignant adoration of a problem-pupil called Silvia (Ellen Barrie).

It must be allowed that Mr. Travers—obviously a worthy big chap though an actor with no subtlety and very little variety—gives few indications or explanations as to why Douglas should wreak almost as much havoc in the lives of these three girls as does the inevitable hurricane, which blows up at the film's climax, upon the Jamaican landscape. This Douglas is an almost bewilderingly patient man. When, for example, he returns one night from Kingston to discover that the abominable little Silvia has wrecked his rooms in a fit of spite, he shows no emotion whatsoever except

their attentions to trying to control their women-folk, one called Darlin' Jill (Fay Spain) and the other Griselda (Tina Louise). These young women wander around all day in cheap evening dresses, whatever the weather, and when a strange albino youth (Michael Landon) appears on the horizon with a reputation for gold-divining, one of these

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



BURL IVES AS BIG DADDY IN THE M.G.M. FILM VERSION OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'S PLAY "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF." Of his choice this week, Alan Dent writes: "This burly actor and singer gives an outstanding performance as the character called Big Daddy in the film version of Tennessee Williams's play, 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' (directed by Richard Brooks). Convincingly he is the biggest cotton-planter in the Mississippi Delta—a man who has been condemned to death by his doctor, though most of his family think he has still long to live. Mr. Ives easily 'runs away' with this film's acting honours from Elizabeth Taylor, who plays his daughter-in-law, and (much less easily) from Paul Newman as his crazy, mixed-up, younger son. It is, all in all, a crazy, mixed-up sort of film. (This film's first public showing in London was at the Empire, Leicester Square, on October 9.)"

mill-opener gets slaughtered, and the farmer—rather inconsequently—makes a vow never again to dig a hole unless it be to plant seeds.

Desires are less bridled still in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," which is the at-long-last film version of Mr. Tennessee Williams's famous *conte cruel* of a play, in which a Louisiana millionaire is informed by his degenerate son that he is riddled with cancer just at a time when the rest of the family has been celebrating his complete recovery and freedom from the disease. The play was largely about the son Brick's sexual perversion, the reasons for his falling out of love with his niggling wife, Maggie. But Hollywood, which continues to be mealy-mouthed about such things even at this enlightened time of day, has declined to explore or even present these reasons. The film's authors, Richard Brooks and James Poe, have, in fact, so altered the play that Brick's indifference to his wife is absolutely mystifying and almost as exasperating for the onlookers as for Maggie herself.

At the very end of it all Brick shows signs of being a nice, normal young husband again, after two solid hours of brooding and boozing and limping around with a broken leg. He smiles at last, and picks up a cushion. For a second I had a wild fancy that he was turning into Othello and was going to make Maggie a Desdemona in reverse. But the reader who is in the least anxious to know what Brick actually does with the cushion must see this bitter film to its sweet end. Even as altered, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" has considerable power, and its people—whether we take to them or hate them—are genuine and are torn with real emotions. It is hideous, but it is also true to life of a sort. It is also immeasurably the best-acted of the three films under review. Elizabeth Taylor and Paul Newman are none the worse for closely imitating Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando in "A Streetcar Named Desire." They are helped by a physical resemblance, and could not have chosen better models. Judith Anderson and Jack Carson and Madeleine Sherwood are effective in the background, and Burl Ives as the father is the foreground and fairly overwhelming.

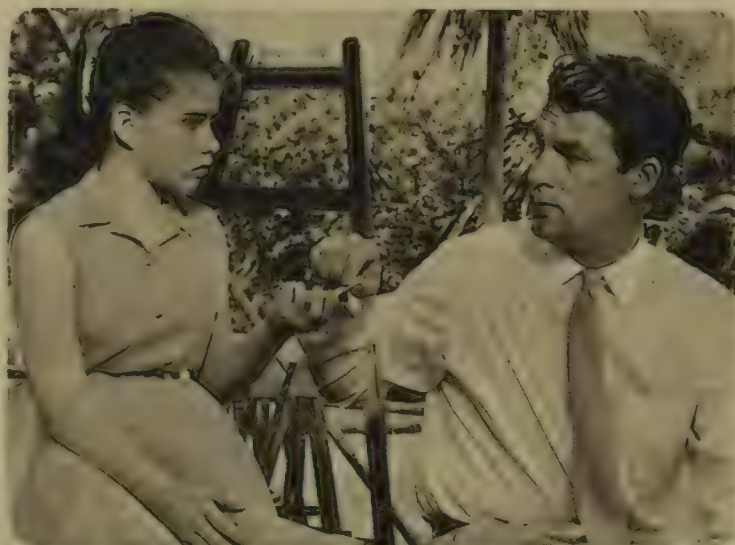
But what a set of characters in all three of these films! And how they drink—rum in Jamaica, and Bourbon, both straight and old-fashioned, in the Deep South! And what weather



PLUTO SWINT (BUDDY HACKETT), SECOND FROM LEFT, AMUSES BUCK (JACK LORD), LEFT, TY TY WALDEN (ROBERT RYAN) AND GRISelda (TINA LOUISE) IN A SCENE FROM UNITED ARTISTS' "GOD'S LITTLE ACRE"—A FILM ABOUT GOLD-DIGGING AND WOMAN TROUBLE. (LONDON PREMIERE: LONDON PAVILION, SEPTEMBER 5.)

harpies makes a bee-line for him with a positively frightening avidity. The farmer chases the pair, and is rewarded with the view of yet another compromising situation.

This film also contains a son-in-law (Aldo Ray) who tries to open a disused mill in order to take everyone's mind away from gold-digging, and the chasing of albinos, and the like. But the would-be



A SCENE FROM "PASSIONATE SUMMER"—A RANK ORGANISATION FILM ABOUT THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN AND A SCHOOLGIRL FOR A YOUNG SCHOOLMASTER: SILVIA, THE PUPIL (ELLEN BARRIE), OFFERS DOUGLAS, THE TEACHER (BILL TRAVERS), A CIGARETTE. (LONDON PREMIERE: LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, SEPTEMBER 25.)

a hint of indignation at the bad spelling of a message she has written on his bedroom wall. Mr. Travers might be cast for Job in the next Biblical epic that comes along.

Desires are much less bridled in "God's Little Acre," which is all about a Georgian farmer (Robert Ryan) and his two sons who for years have been digging for non-existent gold—practically undermining their farmhouse in the process—instead of farming their land. Whenever they cease from digging they have to turn

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

- "ICE COLD IN ALEX" (A.B. Pathé. Generally Released: October 6.)—John Mills, Anthony Quayle, Harry Andrews in an exciting race across the desert from Tobruk. Sylvia Syms is somehow involved as well.
- "THE MAN UPSTAIRS" (British Lion. Generally Released: October 13.)—Richard Attenborough spectacularly good as a poor man who goes berserk in the apartment above you.
- "THE DEFIANT ONES" (United Artists. Generally Released: October 13.)—Two escaped prisoners, one black and one white, on the run, with a chain between them which somehow dissolves their mutual animosity. Stanley Kramer, the director, has made this a notable, indeed a not easily forgettable, job.

in which to love, be loved, or be compromised! The weather, indeed, is an all-important factor in the three shots I shall longest remember of these three films—Miss Mitchell coming in out of the hurricane dripping like a wet banana-leaf; Mr. Landon as the albino, with his face as white as his hair, being chased through a ground-fog by Darlin' Jill at the double; and Miss Taylor and Mr. Newman so angry with each other that they ignore the wild rain that has wetted them through and through till it drops off the ends of their noses.



## AT BLACKPOOL: SPEAKERS AT A MILITANT CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE.



MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD SPEAKING AT BLACKPOOL: HE MENTIONED A FIVE-YEAR PLAN FOR IMPROVING SECONDARY EDUCATION.



"I DO NOT PROPOSE TO PUT THE CLOCK BACK A HUNDRED YEARS"—MR. BUTLER SPEAKING ON PLANS FOR DEALING WITH CRIME.



SIR DAVID ECCLES SPEAKING OF THE GOVERNMENT'S DETERMINATION TO MAINTAIN HIGH AND STABLE EMPLOYMENT.



A SPEECH BY MR. IAIN MACLEOD, IN WHICH HE DISCUSSED THE CONSERVATIVE POLICY OF PROMOTING UNDERSTANDING IN INDUSTRY.



MR. BOYD-CARPENTER OUTLINING THE GOVERNMENT'S PROPOSALS FOR A GRADUATED AND VOLUNTARY SUPERANNUATION SCHEME.



AFTER LEAGUE OF EMPIRE LOYALISTS HECKLERS HAD BEEN REMOVED: THE SCENE DURING MR. MACMILLAN'S CONCLUDING SPEECH.



MR. HEATHCOAT AMORY, WHO SPOKE OPTIMISTICALLY OF THE PROSPECTS FOR BRITISH INDUSTRY AND OF A TAXATION REVIEW.



MR. SANDYS, MINISTER OF DEFENCE, PLEDGING SUPPORT FOR THE TROOPS IN CYPRUS, AND WARNING OF FUTURE SOVIET TROUBLE-MAKING.



DESCRIBING THE CONSERVATIVE PLANS FOR WIDENING THE WHOLE FIELD OF HOUSE PURCHASE: MR. HENRY BROOKE.



MR. SELWYN LLOYD, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, DURING HIS SPEECH ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS WHICH RECEIVED A MOST ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.



MR. MACMILLAN CHECKING THE TIME BY HIS WATCH BEFORE BEGINNING HIS TRIUMPHANT SPEECH AT THE END OF A SUCCESSFUL CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE.

THE Conservative Party annual conference opened at Blackpool on October 8, soon after the Labour conference at Scarborough. During the conference Mr. Macleod, Minister of Labour, said that the economy was now sounder than at any time since the war and was poised for a new advance, and Mr. Brooke, Minister of Housing, spoke of Government plans to widen the field of house purchase. In other Ministerial speeches plans for a graduated and voluntary superannuation scheme, for a five-year plan for improving, in particular, secondary education, and for new methods to "de-Teddify the Teddy Boys" and overcome the crime wave were outlined. The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave a further encouraging review of the economic situation, and said the "appreciable" existing level of taxation might shortly be reviewed. After a successful speech by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Mr. Macmillan, in spite of disturbances caused by members of the League of Empire Loyalists, made a triumphant speech in which he said he was determined that widespread unemployment should not happen again. In conclusion, after speaking of the chances of winning three successive elections, he said, "Do not be beguiled by the sweet music of public opinion polls. There is work to be done."



LORD HAILSHAM GIVING A ROUSING RING ON HIS BELL AT THE END OF THE CONFERENCE AT BLACKPOOL, WHERE AGAIN HE SWAM BEFORE BREAKFAST.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## LIFE AND LIVING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I DO not think it is of much use to search for a common denominator in the plays I have met since my last article: a London light comedy, a fantasia of a Never-Never world, a bit of savage realism, and a terrifying historical document. Let me, rather, take them as I met them in the theatre, remembering at the same time Antonio's phrase, "You have given me life and living."

Now, while Naunton Wayne is saying good-bye, having brought the story back full-circle, a listener has to ask what kind of man has emerged from the six episodes. I must admit that here I did not feel like considering the matter deeply. We had had a ready protean performance by Alfred Marks, resourceful especially in the central scenes: he has a way, as it were, of oiling off a line, whisking it down a chute, that can be engaging. Apart from Mr. Marks, the childlike and bland Mr. Wayne, and one or two secondary performances—there is a nicely moronic composer by Robert Desmond—we have little to discuss. So far this mildly pleasant night in the theatre has not set me wondering, say, how many personalities my charming neighbours may have. Perhaps Mr. Wayne should have chosen a more provocative example.

On the next evening I was at "Valmouth" (Lyric, Hammersmith), in a world unimaginable, I had thought, outside the pages of Ronald Firbank. It is a world where you are always likely to meet an eccentric centenarian, a coloured masseuse, a singing Cardinal, a dancing nun, an idyllic shepherd: a world where the dialogue, often as brittle as thin cinnamon toast, has sometimes what another dramatist called "the thin leaf-gold of wit, the very wafers and whipped cream of sense." It is a world destroyed finally by avenging fires from Heaven (Firbank on religion may be an acquired taste). And all this in a musical play by the author of "The Boy Friend": it is a dizzying experience, though I am not sure whether one's dizziness is of the right breed. I cannot feel that Firbank's dialogue, frequently amusing in its caprice, and never without its own mischievously poised style—like a peacock feather on the lip of a Gothic urn—is really of much value in the theatre. Still, Sandy Wilson has married to it some gay, flickering tunes, with lyrics to match (Geoffrey Dunn has the best of them, "The Cathedral of Clemenza"), and the sets and costumes by Tony Walton spring from a gay and spirited imagination.

night, that the adventure sagged, the piece does stay with me in recollection, and especially the performances (note the names of the characters) of Bertice Reading as Mrs. Yajnavalkya, Barbara Couper as Mrs. Hurstpierpoint, Fenella Fielding as Lady Parvula de Panzoust, and Geoffrey Dunn as Cardinal Perelli. Maybe it needs two visits. Certainly it is like no other musical play on earth, and that in itself is a compliment.

I cannot guess what the characters of "Live Like Pigs" would have made of "Valmouth." The play at the Royal Court, with a hardly enticing title, introduces a dramatist, John Arden, who before long will have something to say in the theatre. He does not say much in the present play, even if he has clearly startled himself at the thought of a group of near-animal nomads given its head with a new house on a Council estate. His effort to express the thought in terms of the theatre has produced a squalid, over-written piece that does contrive now and then to be frighteningly atmospheric. For the sake of passages in the third act, one will remember Mr. Arden (and his company, in particular Wilfrid Lawson's menacing sneer), but there is also a good deal—those blaring ballad-links, for example—that I am quite ready to forget.

I do not expect to forget "Shadow of Heroes" (Piccadilly) from which I have just come. This is not a work to be dissected as a play. It is a document of twelve years in Hungary (1944-1956) that ends with the revolution. Robert Ardrey, the dramatist (he wrote "Thunder Rock"), has put the facts before us without disguise. He has Emlyn Williams to narrate while innumerable scenes sweep by upon a stage that Peter Hall has ordered with extreme skill: a stage where a few partitions and a little furniture, rapidly disposed, can turn to twenty settings, and a few fluttered flags and a sudden swirl of shouting people can flash up a revolution.



A MOVING PLAY ABOUT HUNGARY DURING THE TWELVE YEARS WHICH CULMINATED IN THE BUDAPEST RISING: JULIA RAJK (PEGGY ASHCROFT), HER YOUNG SON (JOHN PIKE) AND THE NARRATOR (EMLYN WILLIAMS) IN A SCENE FROM "SHADOW OF HEROES," AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE.

The first night was the simplest. Naunton Wayne, as compère, wandered upon the stage of the Savoy Theatre, wearing a bowler, carrying a rolled umbrella, and prepared to discuss with us what was on his mind. What that was proved—not surprisingly—to be the theme of Jack Popplewell's comedy, "A Day in the Life Of . . ." Mr. Wayne and Mr. Popplewell, it seemed, had been impressed by the fact that any man we meet has probably half a dozen personalities. Or—shall we say?—he changes according to the eye that sees him. He is, unknowingly, a protean actor. And what can be more amusing (observe Messrs. Popplewell and Wayne) than to take somebody at random, and to consider him as he moves, cheerful chameleon, through the business of the day?

It is an idea; but whether the dramatist has managed to establish it must be left to the playgoer's taste and fancy. The exhibit chosen for us is a publisher of popular music—he could flit in and out of "Expresso Bongo"—who is played, or polished off, with a busy glibness by the comedian Alfred Marks. This publisher begins the day when he wakes up—a tedious little episode—in the flat of his mistress. She sees him as an aging bore; but when he gets to his office, where a certain amount of sharp practice is being brought to a razor-edge, he has turned (in the eye of his competitor) to the terror of Tin Pan Alley, a deadly man of business. Presently, out at luncheon—and this is the play's most likable scene—he grows to a dashing, sophisticated man of the world: his secretary's view. When he gets to his mother's home, man of the world has dwindled to adolescent (for his mother he will never grow further); and we are alarmed to find, later in the evening, that a barmaid regards him as one of the dreary old soaks she has to put up with in the way of business. In the final, and thinly-manœuvred, scene, when Mr. Popplewell assembles the threads of a not very complex anecdote, we see what the man's wife thinks. Playgoers must learn this for themselves.



WHEN HUSBAND AND WIFE MEET ON THEIR SEPARATE LUNCH DATES: JERRY (KENNETH WARREN), LAURA MALLORIE (PAMELA LANE), THE WAITER (ROY HAWKESWORTH), MISS JOHNSTON (GABRIELLE HAMILTON), JOHN MALLORIE (ALFRED MARKS) AND LUIGI (DAVID LANDER), IN A SCENE FROM "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF . . ." AT THE SAVOY.

You will either enjoy your stay at Valmouth—place and period are resolutely Firbank's own—or you will sigh for the simplicities of "A Room in Bloomsbury." Although I thought, on the

The story is the stuff of modern history. It is profoundly moving, and I do not wish to say more than to ask you to see for yourselves, and to salute the acting of Peggy Ashcroft and Mogens Wieth as a heroine and hero of their nation, and Alan Webb as the strange figure of Janos Kadar. For me this night, set in my mind to the words, "They were thy chosen music, Liberty," has made all else in the week dwindle. I cannot treat the twelve-years tale as a play. It is one tragic day in the life of the world.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE BISHOP'S BONFIRE" (Highbury, Sutton Coldfield).—An amateur company gives the first English performance of Sean O'Casey's play. (October 14.)  
 "THE HOSTAGE" (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.).—A new play by Brendan Behan. (October 14.)



## AIR, SEA AND SEASICKNESS; UGANDA HOUSE; AND THE GREAT BOBBY JONES.



THE NEW UGANDA HOUSE, IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WHICH WAS FORMALLY OPENED ON OCTOBER 10 BY SIR FREDERICK CRAWFORD, THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA.

This fine new building stands at the corner of Spring Gardens and, it may be recalled, the digging of its foundations threw considerable light on the prehistoric fauna and flora of the Thames Valley, illustrated in a drawing by Neave Parker in our issue of June 14 this year.



THE "INCOMPARABLE" BOBBY JONES (FOREGROUND) SIGNS THE BURGESS ROLL, WHEN HE WAS PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF ST. ANDREWS BY PROVOST ROBERT LEONARD. During the competition by international teams for the Eisenhower Trophy, the famous American golfer, Mr. Bobby Jones (who is now badly crippled), received the Freedom of St. Andrews on October 9 "to mark the universal esteem in which he is held by golfers throughout the world."



VOLUNTEERS FOR SEASICKNESS: SOME OF THE SEVENTY-EIGHT YOUNG SOLDIERS TAKING PART IN TESTS IN LIFE RAFTS, TOSSED IN A "ROUGH WATER" TANK AT HASLAR. On October 9, a fortnight's tests of various anti-seasickness remedies concluded at the Admiralty Experimental Works at Haslar. Young soldier volunteers served as "guinea-pigs" in a series of hour-long tests on rough water in stuffy life-rafts.



SPRINGER BECOMES TANIN: THE CEREMONY AT GOSPORT, WHEN THE WHITE ENSIGN WAS LOWERED ON THE TRANSFER OF THE SUBMARINE TO THE ISRAELI NAVY. On October 9, the submarine *Springer* (715 tons, "S" class) was handed over to the Israeli Navy. H.M.S. *Sanguine*, which has also been sold to Israel, will be delivered in two or three months. These two vessels will be Israel's first submarines.



A FIREFLASH LEAVES A SWIFT: THE DRAMATIC MOMENT AS A FAIREY FIREFLASH AIR-TO-AIR GUIDED WEAPON BEGINS ITS FLIGHT OVER CARDIGAN BAY ON OCTOBER 8.



A FAIREY FIREFLASH—A 7-FT.-LONG DART WITH TWO BOOSTER ROCKETS ATTACHED BEING LOADED UNDER THE WING OF A SWIFT MARK VII FIGHTER BEFORE THE TEST. On October 8, a demonstration firing of the Fairey *Fireflash* guided weapon was staged by R.A.F. Guided Weapons Development Squadron at about 8000 ft. over the Ministry of Supply's guided weapons range at Aberporth. The aircraft fired two of the missiles.



## LAST TIME AT HARRINGAY: THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW.



RECEIVING THE "HORSE AND HOUND" CUP FOR JUMPING: MR. TED WILLIAMS ON MR. CAWTHRAW'S PEGASUS, WHICH ALSO CAME EQUAL FIRST IN THE OVERTURE STAKES.



WINNER OF THE VICTOR LUDORUM JUMPING COMPETITION: MR. JOHN WALMSLEY ON MISS ANN MORLEY'S NUGGET RECEIVING THE "SUNDAY GRAPHIC" CUP FROM LADY PAMELA BERRY.



RECEIVING THE HARRINGAY SPURS: MR. ALAN OLIVER ON MR. A. H. PAYNE'S RED ADMIRAL, WHICH EARLIER WON THE FRED FOSTER MEMORIAL COMPETITION.



A WINNER ON THE FIRST NIGHT: MRS. JILL BANKS ON CAPTAIN J. PALETHORPE'S EARLSRATH RAMBLER RECEIVING THE CUP FOR THE BEAUFORT STAKES FROM MRS. ANSELL.



THE CHAMPION CHILDREN'S RIDING PONY OF THE YEAR: MRS. J. REISS'S ENOCH ARDEN—RIDDEN BY MISS V. BRUCE-JONES—RECEIVING THE CUP FROM THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.



JOINT WINNERS OF THE LEADING JUNIOR JUMPER OF THE YEAR TITLE: SHEILA BARNES ON BACCARAT (LEFT) AND DIANA ANHOLM ON PAUL V, WITH THE TROPHY BEING PRESENTED BY MRS. ANSELL.



A CONVINCING WINNER OF THE SHOW HUNTER OF THE YEAR CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. M. H. TOLLIT'S SILVERIN, RIDDEN BY MR. HARRY BONNER.



FAREWELL TO HARRINGAY AFTER TEN YEARS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAVALCADE OF 1958 AT THE CLOSE OF THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW ON OCTOBER 11. IT WAS ANNOUNCED EARLIER THAT NEXT YEAR THE SHOW WOULD BE HELD AT WEMBLEY.



JUMPING IN THE DICK TURPIN STAKES: MR. T. H. EDGAR ON HIS JANE SUMMERS. THEY WON THIS EVENT AND CAME EQUAL FIRST IN THE LEADING SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR COMPETITION.

The tenth Horse of the Year Show—the last to be held at Harringay Arena—attracted a record entry and record crowds from October 7 to 11. The announcement on the opening day that next year this popular event would be held at Wembley was enthusiastically received. One of the most successful horses this year was Mr. Cawthraw's *Pegasus XIII*. Ridden by Mr. Ted Williams, he was equal first in the Overture Stakes, second in the Dick Turpin Stakes, equal third in the Leading Show Jumper of the Year Competition, and,

on the final evening, runner-up in the Victor Ludorum Championship and winner of the "Horse and Hound" Cup. For the fourth consecutive year he won for Mr. Williams the B.S.J.A. Spurs for the most points gained in the national competitions. After a tremendous competition, on October 9, the Leading Show Jumper of the Year title was shared by Miss Pat Smythe on Mr. Pollard, and Mr. T. H. Edgar on *Jane Summers*. Miss Smythe won this event at the first Horse of the Year Show in 1949.



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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

SOME novels give one a terribly strong sense of *déjà vu*, though one might be puzzled to name its exact sources. Still, the impression abides. I still can't help feeling that "Venus in Sparta," by Louis Auchincloss (Gollancz; 15s.), is rather old stuff—however distinguished its present form. Surely, we are familiar with the anguish of making good in America, and the special sufferings of the banker type? . . .

Here, at any rate, we read all about them. Michael Farish, at forty-five, looks the very model of a "modern trust officer." His grandfather was the G.O.M. of the Hudson River Trust, and Michael has been heading for president all his days. Excelsior! Now he is nearly at the peak. He has taken hurdle after hurdle. He is a married man and a father, a pet of the odious old chairman, a perfect diplomat. One step more, and he will have made it. And then what? That is the fatal question. While the goal was still distant and veiled in cloud, he could nerve himself for each duty and pleasure of the ascent—for the pleasures have been as fierce an ordeal as the duties; in fact, they were duties. Because one blessed day he would finish. . . . Yet from the start the true Michael was wiser; as a "conformist without faith," a nihilist underneath the glaze, he had his instinct about that goal. It must on no account be inevitable. . . . And so the one guilty, and perhaps deadly secret of his career is still on record; he filed it away as a sword of Damocles. At first, sweating to remember it; but of late nostalgia has been creeping in. And, indeed, the time has come. At this point, he can only avert success by wrecking the whole structure—the façade which includes his marriage with an over-ripe, sluttish beauty, his paternal care of a resentful, cold-blooded son, his executive smoothness and diplomacy, in short, his entire life. Though Michael is not conscious of self-destruction. He blames the landslide on Danny Jones, the chunky, aggressive underling who is making love to Flora, and has dug his secret out of the files. And yet it would be easy to condone the affair—probably not her first—and smooth out the other business. Anyhow, it was a storm in a teacup. But the nihilist has run amok; he is out to smash not only his façade but his very nature. And then, of course, he has nothing to do but die.

Half the story is told in flashbacks; admirably, of course. There are brilliant scenes, and Michael is certainly pathetic. Till he becomes too steadfastly a poor fish.

## OTHER FICTION.

But if success is hell in America—or so it appears—being young is obviously terrific. As we see in "Gidget," by Frederick Kohner (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.)—the short and ebullient narrative of an ebullient little teen-ager, Franzie by name, Gidget (or "girl midget") for her lack of inches. Franzie is not quite sixteen, lives in Southern California and is water-mad. But she has never tried surf-riding till she falls in with the "Go-Heads of Malibu," the "surf-bums." A group of college boys, with an older president named Cass, or the great Kahoon, who allow her to latch on as a "food sponsor." It is an apotheosis compact of surf-mania, schoolgirl pride and fluttering, adolescent sex. Soon she has lost her heart to "Jeff Moonoggie." Not without response; but age is an obstacle, or at least the author is taking care of her. So that in the end she has had a wonderful summer, and no harm done. "A fresher Françoise Sagan." . . . "An American answer to Françoise Sagan," said American critics. Françoise Sagan, however, writes her own stories, while Gidget writes about "Sexville" and "Loveville"—her sophistication is hardly French. In fact, there is no likeness at all; but she is gaily brash and neatly turned out.

"As the Tree Falls," by Doris Leslie (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.), is a historical novel with symptoms of being a trilogy, about the most written-up of all English periods—the latter days of Henry VIII, *et seq.* Miss Leslie's imaginary Philip Pugh starts as a page to Jane Seymour, and ends (for this time) in the household of Edward VI. Meanwhile, we have had all the familiar doings at court, together with the full-scale, less familiar episode of Kett's Rebellion. But if the author has come in late, her approach has nothing fatigued or second-hand about it. On the contrary: there is a world of Tudor lustiness in the dialogue, and the historical figures are very boldly projected.

"The Tortured Path," by Kendell Foster Crossen (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), will be less repellent to the squeamish than they might think; we have had much worse in more homely circumstances. Kim Locke, an American Intelligence officer, is entering Red China on purpose to be seized, brain-washed, and finally "broken down." After his confession, if all goes well, he will find himself lodged in Peking with other "renegades," one of whom it is essential to get away. Eleven agents have tried already; none of them came back. But, of course, our hero pulls it off. The whole arrest-and-brain-washing sequence is at once convincing and not too bad; I mean frightful to take, but not ghastly reading. Otherwise, not much of a story; but it doesn't need to be.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

EVERY year at the beginning of October a group of enthusiasts get together and organise a mammoth Woolwich v. Greenwich match which is held alternately, by the grace of the respective municipalities, in the Woolwich Town or Greenwich Borough Halls.

Every year for quite a decade they have invited me to the match; they have announced from the platform how pleased they are to see me, and plied my wife and myself with refreshments.

I like the organisers of the Woolwich-Greenwich match!

P. S. Milner-Barry and Alan Phillips seem to have established themselves as near-permanencies at top board.

Having played through some 150 games from the last British Championship and found 120 very boring, I consider the odds against any particular game taken at random—such as the top board Woolwich v. Greenwich game—being unusually interesting, must be high. These two players, however, seem to turn out something delightful every time.

This year's effort:

A. PHILLIPS White	P. S. MILNER- BARRY Black	A. PHILLIPS White	P. S. MILNER- BARRY Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	3. P-Q5	P-QK4
2. P-QB4	P-B4	4. P×P	P-K3
Black's highly speculative third-move gambit was originally an idea of the Swedish player Lundin; though it has become fashionable of late, everybody seems to have forgotten this. With it, but playing 4. . . . P-QR3 instead of 4. . . . P-K3 as here, he shattered Szabo in the last round of the Interzonal Tournament at Stockholm in 1948.			
5. Kt-QB3	P×P	9. P-K3	Kt-Q2
6. Kt×P	B-Kt2	10. B-K2	B-Q3
7. Kt×Ktch	Q×Kt	11. Castles	P-KR4
8. Kt-B3	P-Q4		

At the expense of a pawn, Black has secured a more harmonious development and an advantage in terrain. His . . . P-KR4 does not look pretty; a purist would have castled instead.

White might possibly have blocked Black's attack better by developing his KB, after P-KKt3, at Kt2. He now decides to return the pawn. In so doing, he makes up his leeway in development, but as he does not manage to equalise, I feel he might just as well have, a little more pig-headedly, hung on by 12. Q-B2 or 12. R-Ktr, followed by B-Q2 and B-QB3.

12. B-Q2	Q×P	16. Q-B5	R-Q1
13. R-Kt1	Q-B3	17. QR-Q1	Castles
14. Q-B2	P-R5	18. R×P	
15. B-B3	Q-R3		

18. Kt-K5 would have been sounder.

18. . . .	B×R	20. Q-B5	Kt-Q4
19. Q×B	Kt-Kt3	21. B-R5	

Falling into a diabolical trap.

Not, of course, 21. Q×Kt? B×Pch and 22. . . . R×Q. It appears now that Black must move his attacked rook, allowing his knight to be captured with impunity, but . . .

21. . . .	Kt×P1	23. R-B2	
22. P×Kt	Q×Pch		

Post-mortem analysis revealed 23. K-R1 as slightly better; after 23. . . . Q×B; 24. R-K1 White would have had more hope than in the game.

23. . . .	B-Kt6	24. Kt-K1	R-Q5
Threatening 25. . . .	R-KB5.		

25. Kt-B2	B×Rch	27. K×Q	R-R5
26. Q×B	Q×Qch	28. B-QB3	R×P

Black is quite lost. Though the opposing forces might seem fairly even, White's minor pieces "float" most uncomfortably: the difficulties of such a situation have to be experienced to be believed.

29. Kt-K3	R-K1	32. B-B4ch	K-R2
30. K-B3	R-R6	33. K-B2	K-K5
31. B-Q2	P-B4	34. Kt-B2(?)	R-B6

Very neat. White Resigns, for, after 35. B×R, R×B, another of his pieces would go.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## WORLD-WIDE TRAVEL; AND RUSSIAN ROYALTY AND THE EDWARDIANS.

WRITERS of travel-books can be distinguished by the same sort of criteria as we apply to our friends who show us their holiday snapshots. There are the skilled photographers with an eye for scenery or composition and a good selective capacity, discarding the failures and the dull pictures, and mounting the rest in order of date or subject. There are those who tumble a motley collection of prints and negatives out of old envelopes, and quarrel with other members of the family about details of date and place. There are the boasters, the bores and those who simply want to share with you the memory of a pleasure. I am not at all certain in which category to set Dr. Arnold Toynbee, who has just written "East to West" (Oxford University Press; 21s.), an account of a journey round the world consisting of essays written for the *Observer*. Dr. Toynbee's itinerary is so exhaustive that it becomes rather exhausting to follow it. It includes, very roughly, South America, New Zealand and Australia, the Far East, India and the Middle East. Round and round goes Dr. Toynbee for about eighteen months, being civilised and tolerant and understanding in a very New-Statesmanlike manner. Much of this book makes excellent reading. The author never loses interest, and can always make the most of trivial facts or incidents which other people might miss. Take, for instance, his comments on Yarinacocha, an "ideal taking-off place" for the Linguistic Institute's hydroplanes in Peru:

It was less ideal to land on when it was infested by fifteen-foot-long crocodiles basking awash, since one big crocodile's back might shatter a one-engine hydroplane's floats. But the crocodiles have now been exterminated and the alligators intimidated, and members of the Institute, with their tiny children, bathe in their lake every evening with impunity. I was introduced to a Plymouth Brother from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, living between Yarinacocha and Pucallpa, who was finding the necessary protein for his fowls by feeding them on boiled-down alligator meat. To be converted into chicken-feed is a humiliating end for even a minor carnivorous reptile.

This is good, and there is plenty more of it. There is even a highly lyrical passage or two. But Dr. Toynbee should take to heart warning expressed in a line from Browning: "Never dare the man put off the prophet." For just when he is being at his most human and chatty, Dr. Toynbee suddenly seems to remember that he is supposed to be some kind of seer, and he wraps himself once more in his prophet's mantle and bursts out into oracles. This is tiresome. We all know perfectly well that Dr. Toynbee is a high priest of nuclear disarmament, but we do not want to be reminded of it while we are trying to share his travels. Yet every now and then up goes the minatory finger, and we have to listen all over again to a severe and sad lecture about the danger that we may all blow ourselves up. Then Dr. Toynbee has a tedious trick of apostrophising his readers, mankind in general, or anything he can get hold of—in one case, a collection of (no doubt somewhat surprised) termites in Northern Queensland. I was as irked by this as the termites must have been; nor do I really appreciate Dr. Toynbee's constant use of capitals in referring to Man and Mankind, as though he were a minor nineteenth-century divine preaching stuffy sermons about Darwin. Finally, it would be a great improvement if Dr. Toynbee would cease to model his didactic style upon that of the late Thomas Carlyle. Even Queen Victoria did not enjoy being addressed as though she were a public meeting, and I do not see why I should be less sensitive on this point than her late Majesty.

M. Edgar Faure's "The Serpent and the Tortoise" (Macmillan; 21s.; translated by Lovett F. Edwards) is specially timely. The former French Premier, who has already visited Russia, was invited in 1956 to pay a similar visit to Communist China. His conclusions will not satisfy everybody, but he argues them with moderation and persuasive skill. "Communism in the Chinese manner," he writes, "is Karl Marx gone to school with Confucius; it is a lesson in courtesy, patience and prudence. But there is no hesitation in its step, no uncertainty in its thought, no sign of a new construction or a bold synthesis for the future." I do not know whether M. Faure would rank the shelling of the Quemoy and Matsu offshore islands as particularly courteous, patient or prudent.

On this gloomy note, I turned to the autobiographical "I, Anastasia" (Michael Joseph; 21s.; translated from the German by Oliver Coburn), and found my depression greatly increased. Having read it, I feel morally certain that the author is indeed the Grand Duchess Anastasia, a daughter of the late Czar, who escaped by a miracle from the butchery at Ekaterinburg in 1917. I hope that this book will be widely read, and that readers will approach it with as much compassion as curiosity.

Lastly, I shall make amends to James Laver for the shortness of my notice by saying that his "Edwardian Promenade" (Edward Hulton; 30s.) gave me immense pleasure. It is an admirably selected series of quotations from well-known works dealing with the Edwardian era, lavishly illustrated with photographs.

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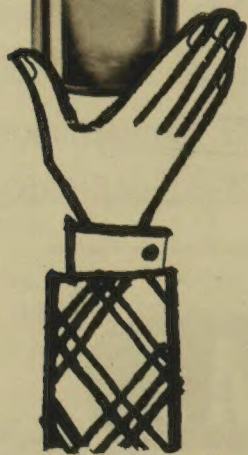
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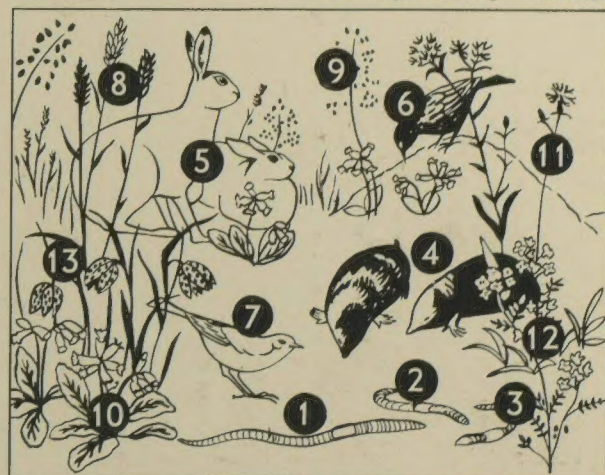
# Shell guide to LIFE IN THE MEADOW




Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

Worms, unpoetical creatures, yet not without beauty if you forget their slime, are essential aerators of the meadow soil. Here are three kinds, COMMON EARTHWORM (1), GREEN WORM (2) and ROSY EISENIA (3). Here, too, is the MOLE (4), who tunnels after worms, with a shape no less adapted to life *under* the meadow. HARES (5), meadow-dwellers and grass-eaters, are now commoner in many districts than the rabbit. Two meadow birds are the STARLING (6) — standing in the picture on a mole-hill — and the YELLOW WAGTAIL (7). Of meadow plants, SWEET VERNAL GRASS (8) gives its smell to hay; while QUAKING GRASS (9), useless for cattle, was anciently a magic herb, because of the quaking and shaking of its spikelets in the least stir of air. When they stop shaking they are said to turn to sixpences. Damp meadows are a home for COWSLIPS (10), RAGGED ROBIN (11) and (OUR) LADY'S SMOCK (12), named after the smock worn by the Virgin Mary when Christ was born. St Helena was supposed to have found it in Bethlehem. Favoured meadows, especially by the Upper Thames, will be dark in the last weeks of April with FRITILLARIES (13).

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



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